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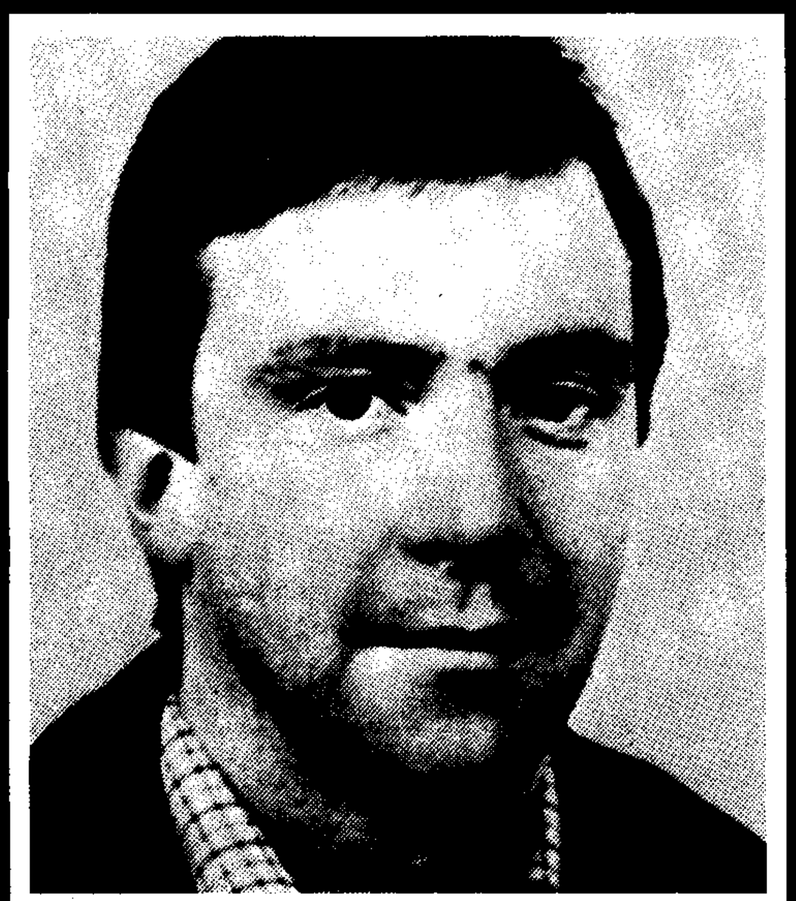

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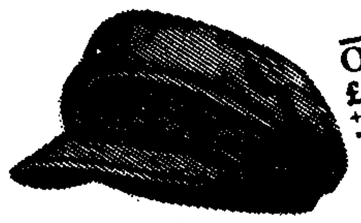

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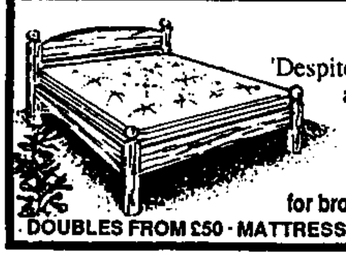

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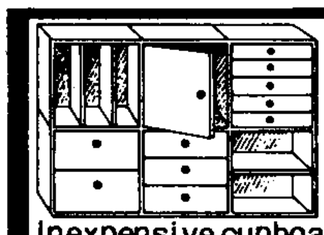

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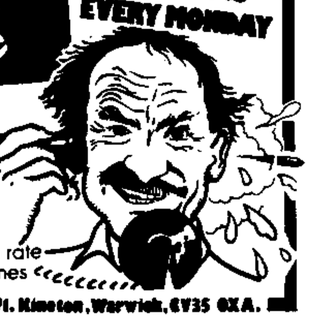

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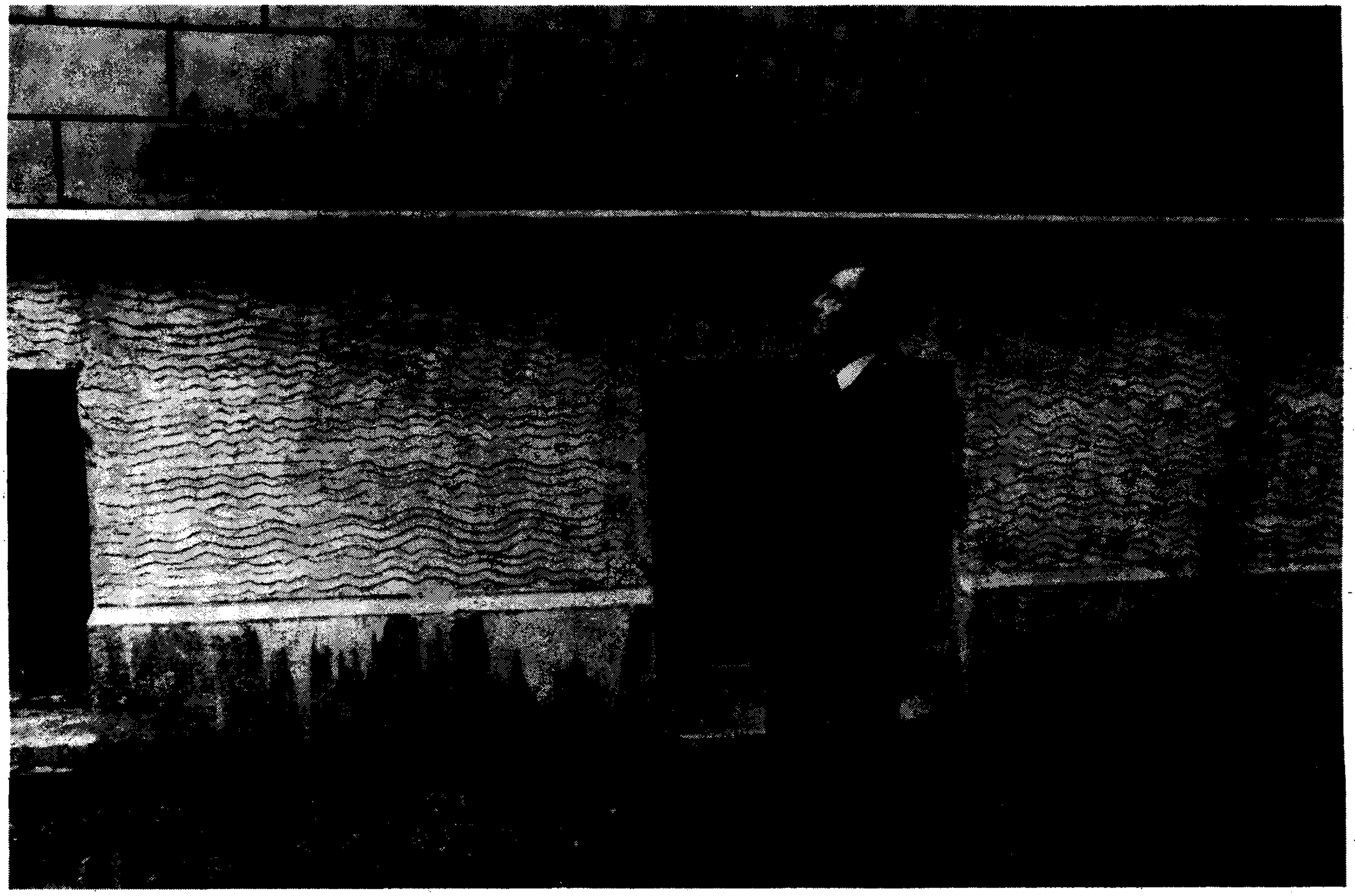

Patrick Leigh Fermor revisits his past

In 1913, on a borrowed horse, Patrick Leigh Fermor rode into a Rumania of romantic enchantment and exuberant friendship.

This spring, he returned to the country he had loved, on a unique assignment for The Daily Telegraph.

In the Saturday Weekend Sections on May 12 and May 19 he recalls his halcyon prewar days and contrasts them with what he found this year, in a society still battered and bemused after the fall of Ceausescu.

His narrative sustains his reputation as one of the greatest travel writers of his time.

The Daily Telegraph

Sporting Life

Mark Daniel Under Orders

May 3 will be a very special day in the eventful life of Mark Daniel, the wayward son of a well-known racehorse-trainer. Brought up in Lambourn, the Berkshire racing centre, Mark was an intelligent and discerning child, who soon came to hate racing. It meant for him an endless succession of smoky bars and contests which he was too small to see and too young to understand. All this time, nonetheless, he was absorbing the history, the language and the lore of the Turf.

Whilst at school and at Cambridge, Mark found his knowledge of racing to have some small financial benefits, but largely devoted himself to literature, cocktail-mixing and other arcane and expensive fields of study.

He financed this conscientiousness by dealing in antiquarian books. A fundamental difference of opinion with a judge regarding the origins of some books caused Mark's further education to be extended by twelve months at Her Majesty's Prisons Bedford and Ashwell.

Intimate knowledge of betting and villains qualified Mark for just one profession. However he had no desire to be a stockbroker, so he fulfilled his lifelong ambition to become a novelist. His first novel, *Conviction* was followed by a host of teenage novels and 'novelisations', ranging from *Count Duckula* to *Jack the Ripper*. All this time Mark was learning his trade. Only when he once more turned his attention to the colourful world of racing in UNDER ORDERS, did he reveal himself as a consummate and fully-fledged storyteller with a unique store of expertise and experience on which to draw.

The publication of UNDER ORDERS by Arrow Books provides this dubious character with his first opportunity to make an honest living.

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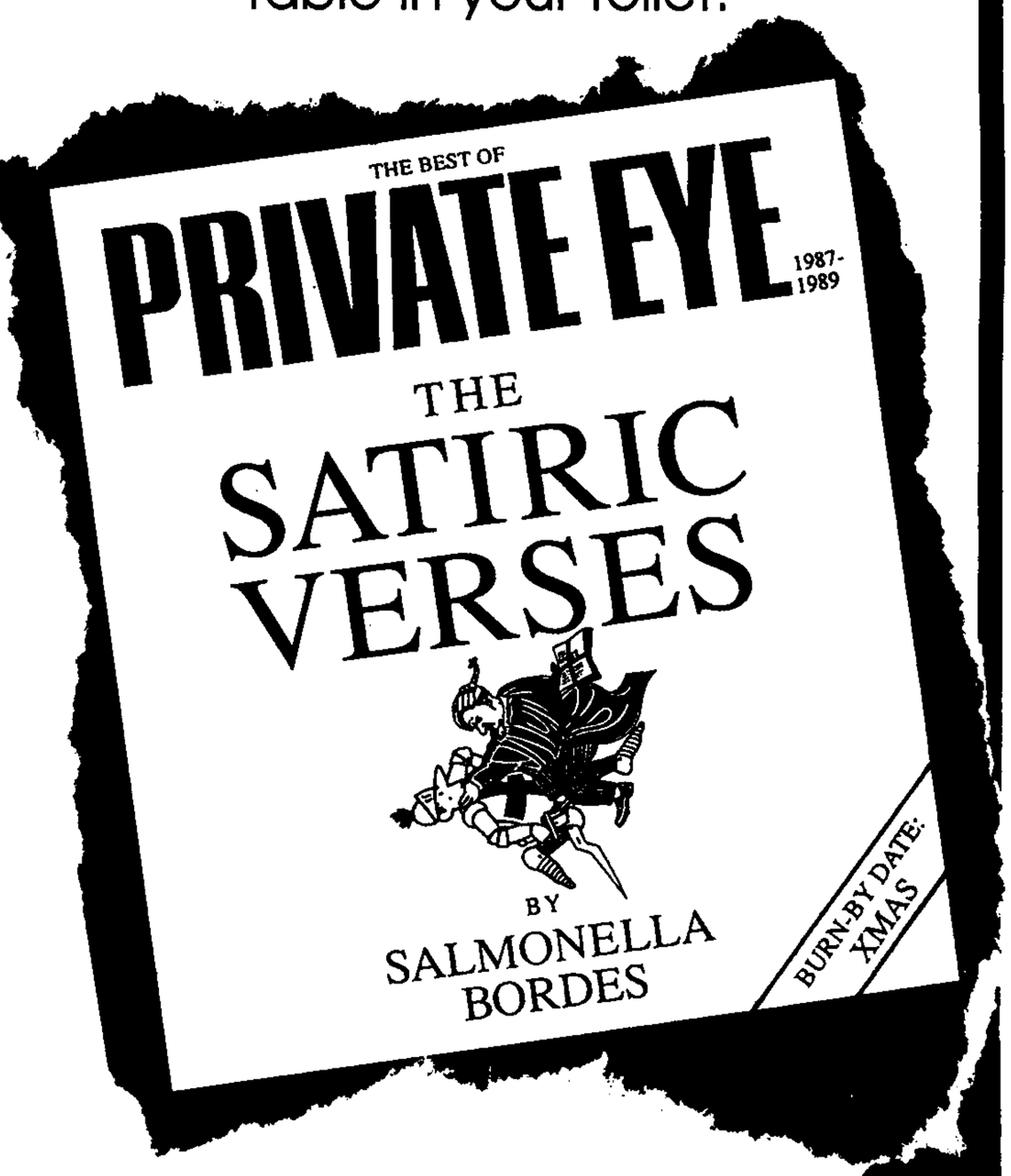

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THE SUGGESTION that I have been assigned three PR men to help me present a more positive image of myself is utterly absurd.

The idea that a senior public figure like myself requires professional "minders" who will in some way "improve my profile" is deeply offensive.

Any reports concerning the appointment of the advertising experts Messrs Bogleby Hargel & Pratt to my private office should be immediately discounted as rubbish.

Tim Bogleby tells me that it would be very bad for my image to admit that I needed PR men at all and Rob Hargel and Paul Pratt entirely agree.

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PRIVATE EYE COLOUR SECTION

THE growing "internationalisation" of the British water industry, largely by speculative buying into the new water companies by the French, is a matter of sublime indifference to Nicholas Ridley, the industry secretary.

He assures all who bother him about it that there is no chance of johnny foreigner controlling British water since his government holds a "golden share" which it can use to ensure British control.

This news has not been greeted with unanimous relief.

Students of Ridley's techniques are inclined to remember his sudden decision last October to release the "golden share" he had in Jaguar without any conditions. The lucky Ford Motor Company was the beneficiary and Jaguar, which had been proudly boasting how Thatcherite policies can keep a company profitable and British at the same time, were suddenly swallowed by the American giant.

Supporters of Ridley imagine that he gave up the golden share for ideological reasons — because he is opposed to government intervention and doesn't even believe in the golden share he himself takes in British companies to protect them.

However, the truth, the *Eye* can now reveal, is very different.

Not long before Ridley's unexpected decision to surrender his golden share in Jaguar, the other big American combine General Motors put in a bid for Jaguar. Both big multinationals desperately needed Jaguar and would have paid almost anything for it.

General Motors, using Canadian intermediaries, started to put their case. The Government, and even Ridley, were very happy to listen. They relished the prospect of an auction between the two companies and selling to the highest bidder.

But before any real argument could take place, Ford presented Ridley with a secret and terrifying ultimatum: if Ford did not get Jaguar, they indicated, they would close their enormous plants at Dagenham and at Halewood with the loss of more than 12,000 jobs — and plenty more in the pipeline.

The Government recalled Ford's decision not to invest in a new plant in Dundee (which the company and the Government blamed on the unions, but which was, in fact, a commercial decision taken by Ford). And it noticed that Ford was threatening not to develop a new line at its engine factory at Bridgend (a decision which has now been taken).

Terrified, therefore, the enterprise-loving Ridley threw up his hands, surrendered his golden share, refused even to consider a reference to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission and handed Jaguar to Ford on a plate.

WHY THERE is so much mystery over the Iraqi arms scandal and the death of Dr Gerald Bull is hard to understand: the Belgium-based company PRB is already well-known to *Eye* readers.

PRB was involved with Royal Ordnance and Nobels Explosives of Scotland — the firm that smuggled of hundreds of tons of explosives to Iran and Iraq during the Gulf war (*Eyes passim*). And it was investigated fully by Belgian Customs officers in that country and in Britain.

It is therefore a little strange that the Government should be surprised by the activities of Dr Bull, his giant gun and PRB. British Customs officials have known all along that PRB was decidedly dodgy, and because PRB has been shaky for many years it is surprising the British company Astra took it over in the first place.

IN PORTLAND, Oregon, last week a former CIA contract pilot, Richard Brenneke, was acquitted of five charges relating to accusations he had made over Irangate and the Contra affair (see *Eye* 701).

Brenneke had claimed the CIA was running weapons to the Contras and returning with drugs. The accusation is not new (Brenneke was one of the pilots) but what caused most trouble was the claim that George Bush, in his then role as CIA director, Bill Casey, the late former CIA director in his capacity of campaign organiser for Reagan, and Donald Gregg, former national security adviser, had conspired in 1980 to upset Carter in his bid for re-election.

Brenneke alleges that the three flew to Paris in October 1980 and secretly met with Iranian officials and bribed them $60 million to delay the release of the US embassy hostages until after the November presidential elections. Gregg, who became head of Bush's private office, is now ambassador to South Korea.

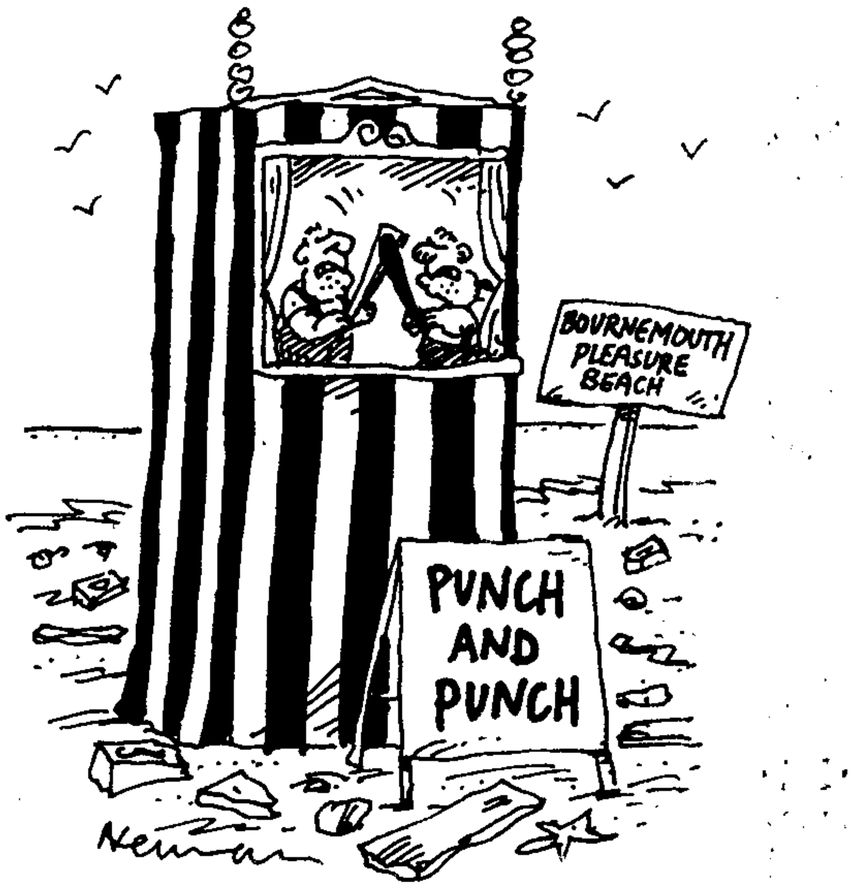
As a result of the acquittal the whole issue will be reopened once more. The pivotal piece of evidence that was intended to show Brenneke was lying was a photograph presented by the prosecution which purported to show Gregg with his wife and daughter on a beach at the time he was supposedly in Paris.

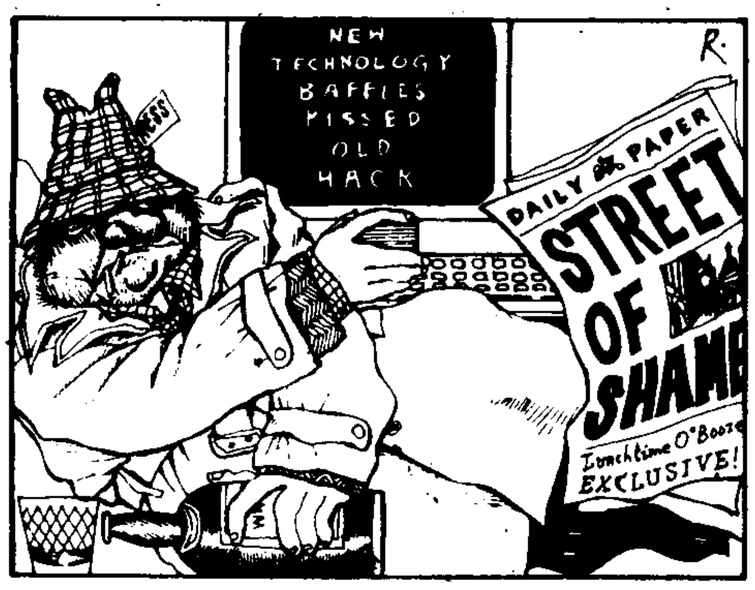
Meteorological and photographic evidence presented by Brenneke's team proves the photograph was a fake. But Brenneke has more to say. He has produced documents which link Whitehall in the arms scandal of the Contras through Jersey-based companies. Watch this space...

WHILE thousands have been let out of the east through gaps in the Iron Curtain, some very strange people have been let in.

Between Boris Yeltsin being sponsored by Rolfers from California (see *Eye* 727) and Soviet economists following guru Milton Friedman, to cap it all Wernher Erhardt now has a contract for management training in the USSR.

Wernher Erhardt (see *Eyes passim*) is of course founder of cults like est, the Forum and the Hunger Project. The Soviets should like the latter. After decades of making sacrifices for a future of plenty which never came, there is a touch of continuity in a project to end Hunger which sends no aid to the hungry.





A DELIGHTFUL intervention in the *Media Show*'s blockbuster on the Colin Wallace affair was made by the former editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, "Dear" Bill Deedes.

Deedes, in his most responsible and reassuring tones, warned journalists to "be careful" of Colin Wallace who had, after all, been a black propagandist for the British Government and was accustomed to fooling journalists.

Perhaps the most famous journalist ever to have been fooled by Wallace was Bill Deedes when he was editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. In 1976 Deedes's close friend Airey Neave, the Tory MP and right-hand man (in more ways than seventeen) to Mrs Thatcher, persuaded him to publish an article by Wallace. Wallace's article was written entirely from his paper *The Red Hand in Ulster*, which had been prepared from information given him by MI5 when he was working for the Ministry of Defence in Northern Ireland.

The thesis of the paper (and the article) was that the Tory Party was the only party with a "positive" policy against terrorism in Northern Ireland and the Labour Party was riddled with Communists and IRA supporters. This paper, together with the "evidence" for it (mostly entirely false) had already been given by Wallace to Neave and used by Neave in a couple of inflammatory witch-hunting speeches in the summer and autumn of 1976.

Neave was indebted to Wallace and sought to pay him back by recommending his article to his old chum Bill Deedes. Deedes published the article on 26 November 1976 under the anonymous byline "a soldier who served in Northern Ireland for eight years".

He wrote to Wallace thanking him and enclosing a cheque for £70.

FACT: Bill Deedes is a former cabinet minister (for information).

SOME puzzlement has been caused by the sudden decision of *Sunset Times* editor Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill to style himself "Andrew F. Neill". One explanation offered by colleagues is that he is preparing himself for a new life in America (where middle initials are *de rigueur*) — perhaps as a ski-lift attendant on the slopes at Aspen, Colorado.

This is a wise precaution, for his career prospects at the *Sunset Times* are not bright. Since the arrival of his old *Economist* boss Andrew Knight at Wapping, there have been persistent rumours of "tension" between the two men, and since Knight is now the Dirty Digger's anointed heir it is certain that in any falling-out between himself and "Brillo Pad" — of the "either he goes or I go" type — it would be Neill who had to pack his bags.

Certainly the Brillo-haired editor is throwing himself into extra-curricular work with the manic energy of a man who fears he may soon be needing alternative employment. When he gave up his job as chief executive of Sky TV last year, it was explained that Murdoch wanted him to spend more time editing the *Sunset Times*. Yet Neill has still found the time recently to write and present a course of twelve 40-minute videos on "How to Use a Computer" — which are now being marketed by a firm called Taylor Made Distribution at £295 per three-hour cassette or a giveaway £495 for the full six hours. And from 14 May for three weeks he will be presenting a three-hour breakfast show every morning on London radio station, Crown FM, at a fee said to be £4,000 a week. If the experiment is deemed a success, "Brillo Pad" may well end up presenting the show for the rest of the year, for a salary of *circa* £150,000.

In this busy whirl, he is still finding time to edit his bloated newspaper. But his behaviour at Wapping is becoming increasingly manic. In the past few weeks he has gone into a "hiring frenzy", offering vast salaries to hacks such as David Rose (£45,000), Richard North (£48,000), Bryan Appleyard (£80,000) and Tony Allen-Mills (£80,000). He has also been signing up yet more highly-paid columnists, such as Prof Norman Stone, even though he has far too many already. Given his belief in Friedmanite economies, Neill of all people ought to know that he won't solve his problems by throwing money at them.

SADLY there are those with little respect for the sensitivities of *Sunday Excess* editor Robin Morgan. Why else would unfounded and malicious rumours about his imminent departure be circulating widely?

It would be untrue to suggest that the *Daily Mail*'s Jonathan Holborrow and Paul Dacre have expressed interest in the job. And it would be equally scandalous to suggest that another *Mail* executive, Sue Douglas, has thrown her hat into the ring. These unfounded rumours have particularly distressed the dozen or so hacks Morgan lured from the *Sunset Times* and we urge everyone to ignore this evil gossip.

Gay investigative journalist Duncan Campbell spent much of last week drumming up publicity for his libel victory over the BBC, posing outside the High Court and distributing a long, boastful press release headlined "Knickers Case Costs Beeb £100,000". (The case, for those unfortunate few who missed it, arose from G.F. Newman's television play *Here Is The News* in which an investigative journalist not unlike Campbell is shown to be a shoplifter who likes dressing up in women's knickers. For this unspeakable libel on Campbell the BBC agreed to pay £50,000 damages plus £50,000 costs.)

"Dunky" Campbell now seems to have developed a taste for litigation: he is about to resume his hounding of a homosexual weekly organ, *The Pink Paper*. Last year the paper questioned an article by "Dunky" in the *New Statesman and Society* which had attacked an outfit called Positively Healthy. For their impudence, the *Pink Paper* hacks found themselves bludgeoned with writs and injunctions from Campbell and the *Staggers* (see *Eyes passim*). The case returns to the High Court on 26 June, and if it drags on as long as both sides expect the costs could be £200,000 — a fact which may be of interest to anyone tempted to buy shares in the £400,000 "rescue package" that has just been unveiled for the *New Statesman*. Potential investors may find their money passing straight into the hands of m'learned friends.

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DAILY NEWS

O.B.N.

Lord Rothermere, in the words of his employee Mr Dempster, is "the last great Fleet Street baron, the inheritor of the great mantle of Harmsworth. The rest of them are all minnows, they make more money, but Lord Rothermere is as great a newspaperman as his grandfather, the first Lord Rothermere, or his grand-uncle [sic], Lord Northcliffe, and the Royal Family know that and trust this newspaper."

Sunday Telegraph

The Duchess of Kent's new hairstyle makers her look more beautiful and certainly younger. Amazingly, she's 57.

JAMES WHITTAKER
Daily Mirror

Eliot said that Tenyson must be called the greatest of Victorian poets on the grounds of variety, technical mastery and sheer prolificity. On the same criteria, there is a case for calling Auberon Waugh the greatest journalist of his generation.

JEFF WHEATCROFT
Sunday Telegraph

Submitted by Peter Earle, Aidan MacDermott, R. Ingrams.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

IAN WALKER, assistant editor of nothing in particular at the *Mail on Sunday*, has been despatched to Baghdad, presumably to follow up the Bazoft story.

He has been given an emergency number which the unkind say is the Iraqi office of Dial-a-Prayer. And it is maliciously rumoured that editor Stewart Steven has told him the paper's refusal to negotiate with hostage-takers still stands.

BELEAGUERED staff at the *Daily Getsworse* were astonished to find early editions of their rag on the morning of 12 April had failed to lead with the hot story of the moment — the impounding of the Iraqi "supergun" by customs officials on Teesside.

Outraged *Express* hacks wanted to know why the front page was taken up with the ramblings of the notorious rape trial judge when all their rivals had led with the gun story.

Could this odd lapse by the normally razor-sharp *Express* newshounds have anything to do with the appearance of the prime minister at the *Express*'s Blackfriars Bridge HQ on the afternoon the gun story broke?

Thatcher was at the Grey Lubianka as guest of honour at a surprise party thrown to commemorate editor Nick Lloyd's fourth year in charge. It seems *Express* executives were too embarrassed to tell Herself that their big lead story was an interview with the boss of the Sheffield firm which had manufactured the gun admitting that the Iraqi deal had been sanctioned by the Department of Trade and Industry. Better, they thought, to lead with the judge for now and hold fire on the gun until Thatcher was safely tucked up for the night. Eventually, the gun story made the last and fourth edition.

THE AMPLE Eve Pollard's recent lunch with Vere Harmsworth should be seen in its social context only: it would be quite misleading to assume she covets the vacant deputy editor's job at the *Mail on Sunday* with a view to replacing Stewart Steven when he takes over the *Daily Mail* from Sir David Fester.

La Bollard has always made it clear how much she enjoys editing the quality *Sunday Mirror*.

THE RELEASE of the Winchester Three has been hailed everywhere (not least by the Labour Party) as a victory for British justice and proof that Irish people get a fair deal in British courts. A rather different interpretation is being put on the case by lawyers and supporters of the Birmingham Six — the men convicted in 1975 of the Birmingham pub bombings.

Supporters of the six (they had nothing to do with the bombings but have been in prison for them for 16 years) had pinned a lot of hope on the Dublin European "summit" at the end of April. A huge demonstration was planned in support of the men and at which a substantial section of the Dublin population was expected to turn out, shouting abuse and embarrassing Mrs Thatcher in front of her European colleagues.

The embarrassment, it was thought, both inside and outside the summit discussions, would be so great that some sort of concession on the case would have to be made. No one thought the damage-limitation operation would be restricted to another case — that of the Winchester Three.

The three were released on the very eve of the summit. There was mass publicity in Ireland, which effectively put a stop to the Birmingham Six agitation; and the crowds were small — smaller than the welcoming crowds for the three released.

WHEN Dennis Skinner found himself in the same lobby as Thatch, the Supreme Being, in a vote to further embryo research he tapped her on the shoulder and said in a fatherly fashion: "You'd better not go to the Queen in that outfit — it's royal blue." Clearly miffed, Thatch snapped back at the left-wing Beast of Bolsover: "No it's not. It's sapphire blue."

AFTER the marathon voting session on the abortion clause in the embryology bill Sir Bernard Braine escorted a tearful Ann Widdecombe to the members' exit.

They both probably knew they had been guilty of the sin of greed. For last year when David Alton's anti-abortion bill was going through Parliament they could easily have secured a 24-week limit on abortion without any of the exceptions attached to the new time limit.

But for such zealots this was not enough. Now they've been lumbered with a liberalised abortion act for the rest of the century.

Earlier in the evening it had all been different. Ms Widdecombe had spoken as though she were in charge of the bill and had repeatedly referred to what "we" would and would not tolerate. This "we" turns out to have been an anti-abortion coven which has been plotting for years. It consists of La Widdecombe, Sir Bernard, David Alton and Dale Campbell-Savours. Most MPs the four, who all seem to be opposed to abortion, contraception and sex will now shut up.

WHEN Labour's Tony Banks asked Sir Geoffrey Howe, Leader of the House, if he would make the sumptuous facilities of the Commons Terrace more available to the public, Anthony Beaumont-Dark, the millionaire Tory and populist democratic, protested from a sedentary position: "It's too good for the people. We don't want them here." There were murmurs of assent all round.

ROY Hattersley, Labour deputy leader, is desperate to forget his abysmal and unprincipled performance in the Hongkong debate which so sickened Labour MPs that 24 of them ostentatiously abstained by sitting in the chamber during the vote and another 29 disappeared, despite a three-line whip.

To Hattersley's horror his PPS John "Bonkers" Smith has kept the subject alive by referring to these MPs as "prima donnas of conscience", breaking the PLP rule that MPs should not criticise their colleagues openly.

"Bonkers" himself curtailed his holidays and flew 3,000 miles to do his grovelling duty to Labour's frontbench. He has only been in Parliament a few months and is threatening to make Hattersley look even more stupid by asking Neil Kinnock, the Labour leader, to reprimand those MPs who took their stand against racism.

"Bonkers", a former military policeman who knows a thing or two about discipline, is totally oblivious of the hornets' nest of hatred he's stirring up for Hatterjee.

MARTYN JONES, Labour MP for Clwyd South-West, risks becoming Labour's most unpopular MP. He has forgotten the first law of politics: MPs' weekends are sacred and should only be interrupted by unavoidable crises.

Recently Jones persuaded more than 50 Labourites from all over the kingdom to turn up on a Friday to back his private member's bill on consumer guarantees.

Told that without their attendance Jones's bill would fail, the MPs spent the day cursing Jones and all his works. When they found their attendance was unnecessary and that Jones's bill was to go through unopposed they became apoplectic.

Jones, it seems, did a deal with DTI minister Eric B'Stard (aka Forth) whereby he dropped three-quarters of his bill in return for government support. What remains is of so little use the average MP wouldn't cross the street to support it.

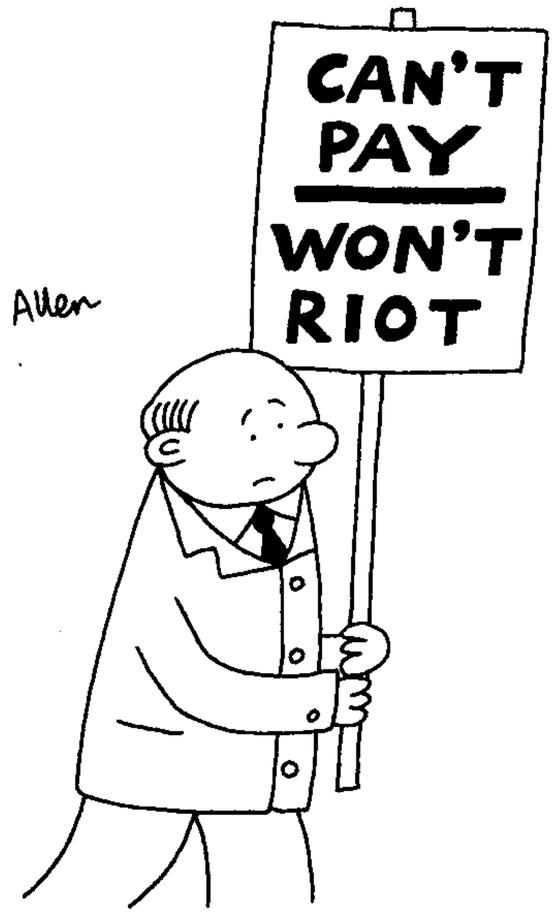
Fare deal for the elderly and disabled.
Westminster spends over £3 a year on concessionary fares for the elderly and those with disabilities and, despite scare stories by our political opponents, is totally committed to maintaining the scheme.

Conservative handout: Westminster City Council Elections

AS DISTRICT health authorities publish their annual health reports, most of which describe smoking as a major cause of death and disease, the socialist trade union MSF, led by communist Ken Gill, has written to Labour MPs on its parliamentary committee calling on them to support measures to help the tobacco industry.

Eager to assist, 19 MPs, with Michael J. Martin — a gasping jock from Glasgow Springburn — to the fore, have put down early day motion 157 pointing out that keeping tobacco prices down increases employment in the industry.

Now Mrs Terry Marsland, national secretary of the tobacco sector of MSF, has written to MPs reminding them of the importance of signing the motion. Sister Marsland's letter makes no mention of the devastating effects that increased smoking is having on the health of women.



CANNY citizens in north-east Fife on Scotland's east coast have been impressed to read that their local Liberal Democrat MP Menzies Campbell is urging the Scottish Office to take tough action to stop vehicles speeding through Fifeshire villages.

Indeed Scottish Office minister Lord James Douglas-Hamilton has just received a curt missive from the moaning member reprimanding him for not attending a public meeting at Gateside at which a low-budget video nasty showed the speeding menace in all its gory glory.

It appears the best parts of the video may have been "cut" before transmission. It failed to show footage of Campbell tearing through nearby Bullmalo at the decidedly illiberal speed of 55mph, back in the crazy days of 1988. Also missing was the scene where Campbell was later fined £75 at Cupar Sheriff's Court.

'Backbiter'

UN NEWS

LAST MONTH Tony O'Connell, the Irish-born head of UN security with more than 30 years' service under his belt, found one of his staff asleep on duty in the wee small hours.

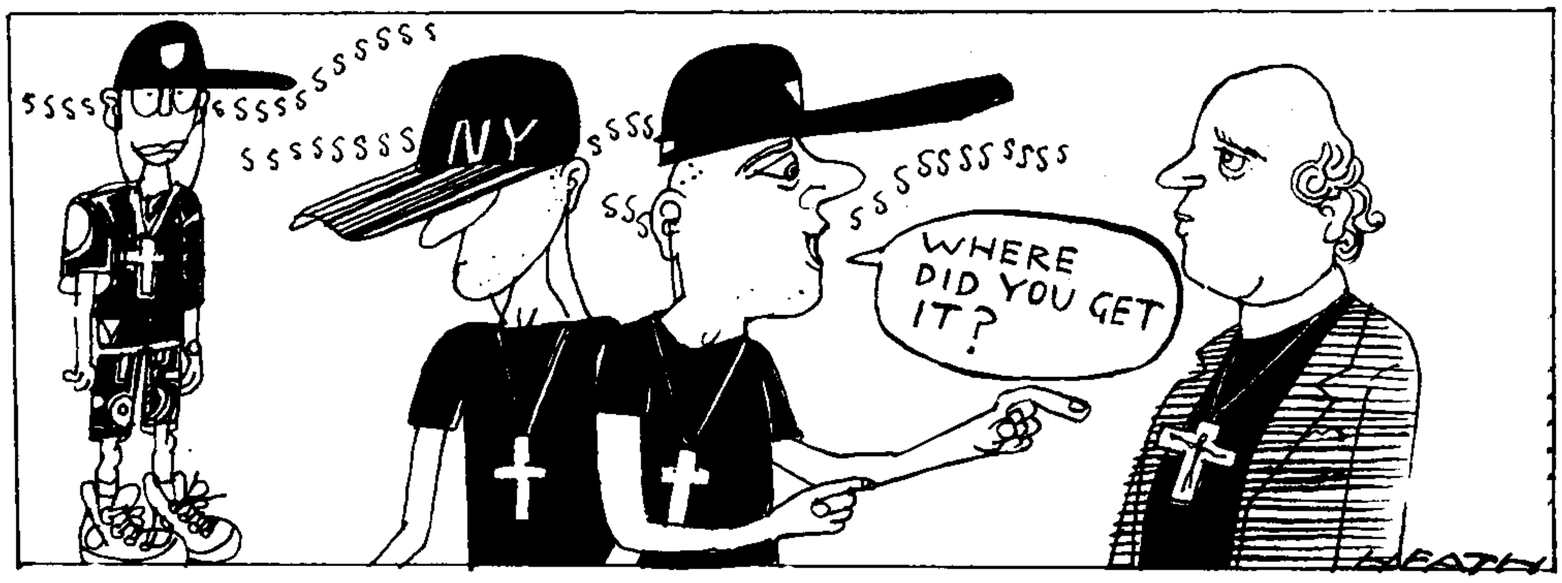
The man had not just nodded off — he'd taken his shoes off and was curled up on the floor. O'Connell woke him and suggested it was unlikely his contract would be renewed. But the dozing guard, an Egyptian, apparently enjoyed a close relationship of an East African nature with someone in high quarters. Shortly afterwards O'Connell was approached by another Egyptian, Aly Teymour, UN assistant secretary-general and chief of protocol, with a request to overlook the incident.

The Irishman told him to stick to protocol and leave security to those better qualified. Teymour then invoked the Egyptian ambassador, who took the case up to Javier Perez de Cuellar, the UN's ineffectual septuagenarian secretary-general. Soon the message came down: drop the charges. O'Connell said he'd resign first.

He leaves this month.

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH



Grovel

FLOATING in a darkened isolation tank, I use my immense powers of telepathy to tune into the collective subconscious and pick up more on the unholy alliance between our beloved prime minister and the mystic conman Chandra Swami.

The Swami, currently in the South of France, claims to have links with our Supreme Ruler that go back not just to 1979, as suggested in the last *Eye*, but as far back as 1976, the year after she became party leader. Apparently they met six times in that year alone.

Other meetings followed and the Swami particularly recalls a summons from the British High Commissioner in 1981 to travel at Thatch's request from Madras to provide spiritual guidance to her during a visit to New Delhi.

He is looking forward to meeting his Downing Street "disciple" on his next visit to London — investigations by the Indian police into tax and foreign exchange matters permitting.

NEWS reaches me from distant shores of Peter Foster, the man whose slimming teas were exposed by Esther Rancid on her wonderful television programme, *That's Life*.

Foster, former beau of the mis-shapen nude model Samantha Fox, is to be found sunning himself in his Gold Coast mansion in Queensland, Australia. This will interest the authorities in Britain, Canada and the US — all of whom Foster is trying to avoid following his tea scams. Indeed, he has recently jumped his probation in Los Angeles after serving just half a four-month jail sentence there.

A regular patron of ritzy bars and nightclubs in Surfers' Paradise, sightings indicate that Foster could do with a course of weight-reducing Chow Low Tea — if only it worked.

● *I WITNESS an embarrassing scene at The Savoy involving author Richard Adams.*

A couple of weeks ago he was interviewed for the Sunday Torygraph as part of the massive hyping of his turgid autobiography. The hackette given the job was Selina Hastings. So taken was Adams with her after their initial encounter at his home that he demanded another interview, this time over a meal at The Savoy.

Adams behaved impeccably, of course, although Hastings was somewhat perturbed when the animal-loving buffoon started to recite Shakespearean love sonnets to her from a standing position.

"Your name's not Ben Elton – goodnight"

Pseuds Corner

In the entrance foyer is another Kahlo, entitled *My Birth*. The small painting depicts Kahlo's mother in bed with the sheets folded back over her head. All that can be seen of the mother are her opened legs, the head of the adult Kahlo emerging from her mother's gaping vagina. There is blood in the painting. There is anger there. Sorrow.

"If somebody doesn't like this painting," Madonna says, "then I know they can't be my friend."

Sunday Times

Hanif Kureishi has a habit of saying without pretension what he means or feels. If he hasn't read a book that crops up he says "I haven't read that."

Guardian

Mary Kelly's stained nappies (exhibited as part of her Post-Partum Document, a chronicle of her son's early life) are unlikely to find a place on a Park Avenue duplex wall. "This was not considered serious conceptual art," laughs Chadwick. "But when Vito Acconci, a conceptual and performance artist, did this piece where he masturbated underneath the floor of the gallery with sounds taped into the gallery above, it was widely written about — this was *male* sexuality."

Guardian

I am something of a rat-lover, and I once owned seven tame white and brown rats which scampered all over my person. The Japanese artist Yukki Yaura has painted an enchanting picture of my rats crawling over me. I posed holding a pencil, but in this picture it has become a flower.

ROY KERRIDGE
Independent

Fergie has personally overseen the development of her dream home and is even said to have shared mugs of tea with the foreman.

Daily Express

If Lennon were alive today, I believe he would have become a major campaigner, using his money to help change people's attitudes. Those friends of mine who did know him say that he was one of the few great men of the 20th century.

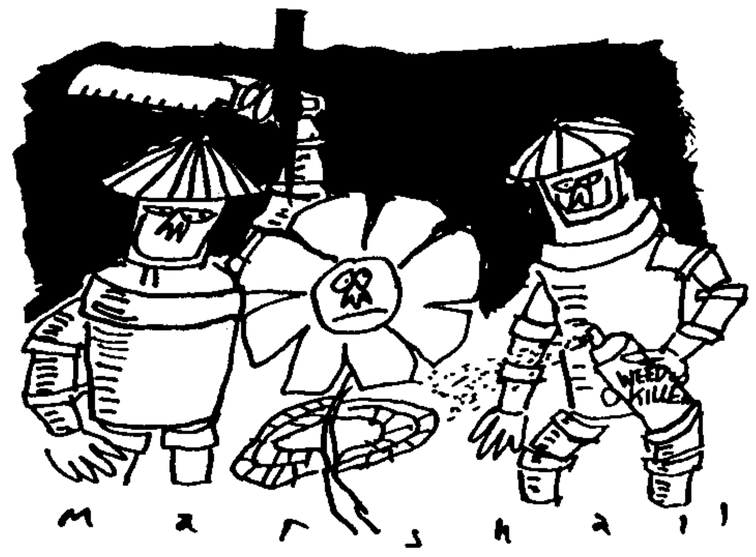
KEN LIVINGSTONE
TV Times

This [*Sexual Personae* by Camille Paglia] is a fine disturbing book, very long but, considering the width of reference, not too long. It is not cool; rather it is aggressively frigid when it is not hot. It seeks to attack the reader's emotions as well as his/her prejudices. It is very learned, except in music. If one is weary after so prolonged a read, it is not with ennui. Each sentence jabs like a needle.

ANTHONY BURGESS
Independent

CONTRIBUTORS: Dr Khurshid-e-Khuda Talukder, Lucie Tobin, Maureen Lee, David Hornbrook, D. Bateman, E. Strobes, J.R. Todd.

£5 paid for entries



"Bill and Ben – the Pol Pot Men"

THERE are now serious doubts about the mental health of Britain's most successful businessman, pop-to-prophylactics giant Richard Branson.

Travelling in the same carriage with me from Gatwick to Victoria on Friday 27 April, the multi-millionaire was accosted by the ticket inspector after it transpired he had forgotten to pay his fare. Much to my amusement, Rich had to dig into his extra deep pockets to fish out the fare in front of all us travelling paupers.

What happened next was more disturbing, however. For those attempting to use one of the train's lavatories were shocked to hear the muffled voice of the condom king talking to himself behind the locked door.

Apparently Matey was practising the speech he was due to deliver at Gatwick...

IN A disgracefully sycophantic profile of my friend Auberon Waugh (see OBN), Geoffrey Wheatcroft claims Waugh is a "generous host" at his Somerset home.

In fact Waugh tells me that Wheatcroft is *persona non grata* at Combe Florey ever since he rudely stuck his tongue out at his hostess, the society-beauty and *belle-lettriste*, Lady Teresa Waugh, 29.

● *MY ADMIRATION for the Spectator's young editor, Dominic Lawson, grows daily.*

Having seen off the Israeli ambassador, who wrote him a presumptuous letter, Lawson tells me he is thinking of sacking Taki, the magazine's odious "High Life" columnist.

Come on, Dominic, take the plunge!

I SEE THAT a Mr John J. Slessor has written to *The Oban Times* complaining about the Duke of Argyll and his favourite charity (himself).

Some years ago Mr Slessor, a member of the Campbell clan who is now resident in Detroit, Michigan, donated £20 to a fund for repairing the roof of the ducal seat, Inverary Castle, which had been damaged in a fire.

Imagine Mr Slessor's indignation when while on holiday in the Scottish Highlands he chanced upon a copy of the *Sunday Times* containing a feature on "The Top 200 Richest in Britain" only to find that his kinsman the Duke of Argyll is sitting pretty with £87 million to his name. No wonder the Duke of Argyll is rich if he can count on the charity of the far-flung members of the Campbell clan.

Neither Mr Slessor's letter to *The Oban Times* nor a personal letter to the Duke have so far elicited a response.

● *I SPY shadow home secretary and novelist-to-be Roy Hattersley dining at L'Amico near the House of Commons.*

Having resolved some time ago not to report any more Fattersley restaurant sightings, I'm afraid I must break my rule in this case, since it is so remarkable. Fattersley not only shows admirable restraint where the menu and wine list are concerned, but the woman by his side is his delightful spouse Molly.

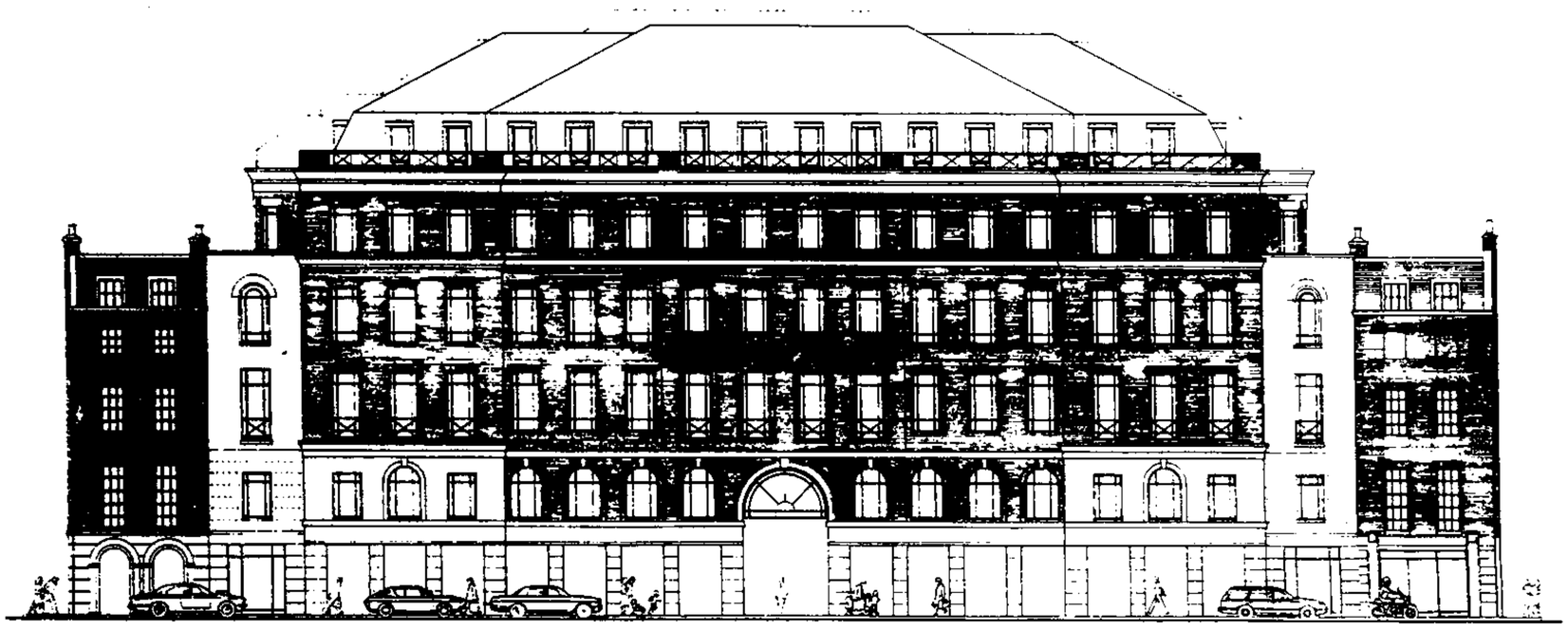
Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

MORE NEWS about our replacement Hugh Casson: Brian Ashley Barker, OBE, FSA, FRIBA, AA Dipl (Hons) etc *(Eyes passim)* who, until he privatised himself, added bow-tied lustre to English Heritage as head of its London division. For he is now involved in the sorry business of the destruction of the last surviving bit of Georgian Baker Street.

Messrs Flairline Properties Ltd — a name that inspires such confidence — wish to redevelop a block bounded by Baker Street, George Street, Blandford Street and Kendall Place. This involves the retention of two listed buildings but also the demolition of many unlisted Georgian buildings in the Portman Estate conservation area, notably numbers 20a-36 Baker Street. English Heritage noted that: "Until 1989, this larger block of terraces had survived with little alteration for two hundred years and was the most complete of the original Portman Estate blocks fronting Baker Street" and strongly opposed its demolition. So did the officers of Westminster City Council but, at their meeting on 26 April the council ignored this advice and granted planning permission.

Lady Porter's good councillors were doubtless swayed by the honeyed words of Mr Barker, who expounded the virtues of the six-storey replacement building designed by Messrs Fitzroy Robinson in a sort of "Developer's post-Modern Georgian style". This I illustrate. It is a design which, by comparison, succeeds in bringing out the subtle virtues in the most stodgy examples of 1930s Banker's Georgian; but for Mr Barker: "The character of the new design is based on traditional elements... deployed here to form an agreeably reserved — even slightly austere — block such as might call to mind parallels with an institutional building of the eighteenth century; but they follow no direct historical precedent..." and "the proposals would be for the enhancement of the character and appearance of the conservation area".



Baker Street looking east: "Traditional elements... agreeably reserved... for the enhancement of the character and appearance of the conservation area"

Well, of course, for such judgements are fat fees paid. But the interesting aspect of this act of vandalism is its pre-history, for back in 1978 an earlier attempt to redevelop this site was made. In 1980 it was examined at public inquiry and the following year the secretary of state upheld his inspector's advice to refuse listed building and conservation area consent and his belief that "the unlisted buildings... provide an important setting for the two listed buildings". So what has changed to make the demolition now acceptable? Nothing really; certainly not the principal actors in this farce, for, at that inquiry, evidence was given against the development proposals by the GLC on the advice of its Surveyor of Historic Buildings — who was none other than Mr Brian Ashley Barker, OBE.

ARCHITECTURE and conservation are fashionable subjects, and dear old Auntie BBC has done her best to make it so. Years ago the BBC broadcast Booker's* City of Towers; *more recently aspiring media knights put out HRH's* Vision of Britain *as well as many other similar programmes. All very well, but the real architectural achievements of the BBC are not so impressive, for Auntie has failed to practise what she preaches.

It was ever so. Lord Reith's battleship in Langham Place was a pretty mediocre thing in its time, designed by Lt Col G. Val Meyer, an architect acquired along with the site bought from an hotel consortium. More recently, once the immensely destructive plan by Norman Foster for replacing the Langham Hotel and adjacent streets had been mercifully abandoned, the BBC went to White City and employed the architects who had already designed mediocre commercial buildings for the site. But much worse than this is the behaviour of the BBC over a listed Georgian country house it happens to own.

Crowsley Park is a handsome red brick house of 1735, later enlarged and given battlements by the Baskerville family. During the Second World War the house was requisitioned by the BBC., which still maintains a small monitoring station nearby. But the BBC has no use for the house, which was empty and boarded up until 1969 when a 20-year lease was granted to Mr and Mrs Hugh Morris.

The Morrises fulfilled the conditions of the lease, spent money on restoring the property and hoped eventually either to buy it or renew the lease. The BBC, however, has spitefully declined to oblige; for although the Beeb at one stage toyed with cutting up the house into flats or making it a conference centre, it now proposes nothing more adventurous than boarding it up again.

Houses that are boarded up are vandalised and soon deteriorate. The BBC has already shown itself to be unfit to own a historic building: the stables at Crowsley Park, which the Morrises did not take on, have been allowed to rot while new pointing done to the house itself is crude and discordant. Auntie, in short, is not behaving like the high-minded spinster that Reith fashioned, but like the worst sort of institutional vandal. Why?

'Piloti'

SECURITY NEWS

A SECURITY conference sponsored by Investigative Group International of Jermyn Street will be held in Cambridge this summer. It will be run by Dr Barry Ryder, the dean of Jesus College.

Dr Ryder spent 10 years running the commercial crime unit of the Commonwealth Secretariat and oversaw the coordination of criminal intelligence from 32 Commonwealth countries. He liaised with Interpol, the International Maritime Bureau and various US agencies as well as private security agencies in London.

Sadly Dr Ryder's departure from the secretariat was less than amiable. He was effectively sacked on 18 September last year for — among other things — alleged fraud, fiddling expenses, threatening staff and sending non-secretariat personnel to Interpol meetings while passing them off as bona-fide Commonwealth Secretariat employees.

It is fair to say Ryder was given the run of things over a long period and that secrecy in the unit was maintained on a need to know basis. If he was unsupervised, it was not his fault.

Ryder was given a chance to defend himself against the allegations and did so verbally on 5 September. But he asked for a conditional response to his voluntary resignation in a letter dated 13 September. The secretariat's reply on 18 September gave him the option of resigning on the spot or getting sacked the next day. Ryder resigned. The letter said in part: "You will appreciate that because of the nature of some of the charges, the Secretary-General must reserve the right to pursue these further should it become necessary to do so."

The secretariat had cause to be worried.

Documents show that Ryder and the attorney-general of Bermuda, Saul Fromkin, set up a private security firm to channel work to and from their respective jobs — and make a packet on the way.

Dr Gary Busch, an American resident in London, was introduced to Fromkin and Ryder by a London barrister. They wanted money and a London office for their Bermuda-registered company International Financial Integrity Systems Ltd. Busch was to provide around $500,000 capital and Fromkin was to be the chairman. Forty per cent of the shares were to be held by Fromkin and, according to Busch, half of these were to be held in trust for Ryder.

Busch claims he became very unhappy and pulled out because it had always been his understanding that Ryder would resign from the secretariat and join the new company. Ryder apparently had other ideas: he intended to keep his position and funnel work through to the company. Busch said he thought this was unacceptable and withdrew. But during the honeymoon period Ryder did send one client through the secretariat to Busch — a Philippine company with debt problems in London.

None of these difficulties seems to have affected Ryder's ability to earn a living: he has been appointed as an adviser to the Commons trade and industry select committee on fraud and is a consultant to Investigative Group International and will no doubt run a very good conference this summer.

Ryder told the *Eye* his sacking was a product of sour grapes on the part of Commonwealth Secretariat members who were jealous of his success in other fields. He said the allegations were trivial and known to all for years.

RODNEY SHAKESPEARE is a qualified bannister and married with two adult children and lives in the ward.

Lambeth Council Elections

EYE TV

The Eurovision Song Contest

(BBC1)

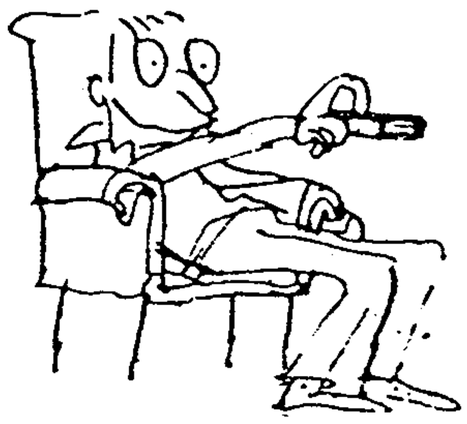
"WE'VE STILL got time," sang Emma, the United Kingdom's podgy Kylie Minogue *wannabe* in the 35th Eurovision Song Contest. "We've still got time! So let's do it together!" In most lyrics, it means sex; here it meant ecology. What Emma wanted us to do together was to save the world.

Eurosong lyrics are traditionally mocked for consisting of three or four words from the common language of Mediterranean restaurant menus — previous contenders have actually included "Garcon!" — set to a pub combo beat. Emma's number was musically true to type but the words had all the easy swing of a pamphlet by Jonathan Porritt. "We've come so far on this great planet," she warbled. "We go on taking out and don't put back new seeds." What was required from us was to — the song's title — "Give a little love back to the world!" Global Warming, the Greenhouse Effect, sewage, air pollution — all you needed was Love. The song announced a new Eurovision strain: Green Hippy.

Regrettably, although heavily fancied at the turf accountants, Emma came in sixth. It was shrewd of the UK voters to choose a milk-and-water protest song as — despite the Bang-Bim-A-Boom stereotype of the Euro number — an equal number of previous winners, particularly in the last, tense decade, have been issue songs. One critic has even argued that the progress of East-West relations can be charted through Eurovision entries, with periods of particular Washington-Kremlin tension being marked by a Eurovision fashion among NATO countries for teenage girls with guitars performing songs called *Let There Be Peace*.

Adherents of the Eurovision Theory of History were looking to the 1990 entries for a reflection of the extraordinary events of the previous year. Well, Germany put up *Free To Live!*, the sub-text of which can be guessed, and Switzerland, as neutral musically as in any other way, put up *A Song Goes Out Around The World!*, which had similar sentiments. And the final winner, improbably, was *All Together In 1992!* from Italy, a dirge about economic union which, from the limited translation available, seemed to have lyrics culled from a particularly dull Roy Jenkins speech from the Brussels period.

Once again, the heart had ruled the ear and the British entry had



simply chosen the wrong political bandwagon. Ironically, given that the winner was a unity tune, the UK also suffered, as it has throughout the Thatcher years, from Euro hostility. This year's worry for the Foreign Office was that she seems to have upset Holland as well, which awarded nul points to Emma.

Those countries not producing 1992 anthems tended towards routine passion ballads characterised by *Captive In Your Eyes!* from Turkey and *I Want To Share Everything With You!* from the Netherlands. These titles are translations as, this year, most of the entries were in at least some strain of the native language, even if it were baby-talk. This is a welcome development when it is remembered that the 1990 contest was coming from Zagreb because of Yugoslavia's victory in 1989 with a song called (in the original, not the translation) *Rock Me Baby!* Only Denmark, ranked along with its neighbour Norway The Tuneless Man Of Europe, this year attempted to invoke the babble factor with *Hello! Hello!*

The range of performers also showed a welcome general movement away from jail-bait with guitars to sultry brunettes in black cocktail dresses. There was the usual haunted hunk from France.

The television production is provided by the host nation for competing and non-competing countries, who produce an audience numbering about 100 million viewers. Yugoslavia this year provided a fatuous cartoon cat, a stage drenched in a rain of lasers, and a hostess called Helga who seemed to have memorised platitudes phonetically. "Noweye wishu a vereewum yellow." Thus was a very warm Hello administered. On sound only, and typically sound, was Terry Wogan whose dizzying range of reference — from Jacques Delors via Greek mythology to Blackpool Football Club — was a reminder

that he is the most educated popular television presenter except Clive James and, moreover, one who is less concerned to make the point. Wogan's deadpan readings of translated lyrics and national tourist ministries' descriptions of their country's wares are a more serious piece of subversion than any of the activities of alternative comedians.

The Eurovision Song Contest was once one of three annual BBC events dating from the post-war idea of broadcasting as a world girdle. The others were *Jeux Sans Frontieres* (with giggling Stuart Hall) and the Miss World contest. Both these shows have now gone, victims of new BBC attitudes towards racialism and feminism. But Eurosong goes on. How? Because there is no particular -ism to designate the attitudes it represents; because once, by accident, in 1974, it threw up Abba, one of history's most successful pop groups, and because, through Wogan, the serious men of the BBC found a way of putting the whole show in inverted commas.

'Square Eyes'

1-SKY

ONE of the great joys of Easter weekending at Hickstead, apart from Christopher Biggins' technicolour waistcoats and a fashion-conscious young father pondering "What shall I wear to push Arabella's pram?", was the healing presence of Sky Television.

NED SHERRIN
The Times

A MASKED gunman died last night after being shot by police marksmen during a post office raid.

The five-year-old nephew of Sky TV star Keith Chegwin watched 20 yards from the dramatic shootout.

Sun

CONTRIBUTORS: N.J. Dunbar, Nico Vagg.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

MEDIA NEWS

MANAGEMENT of the highly successful London radio station LBC have contrived by a brilliant display of thick-headedness to turn their profitable enterprise into a loss-maker.

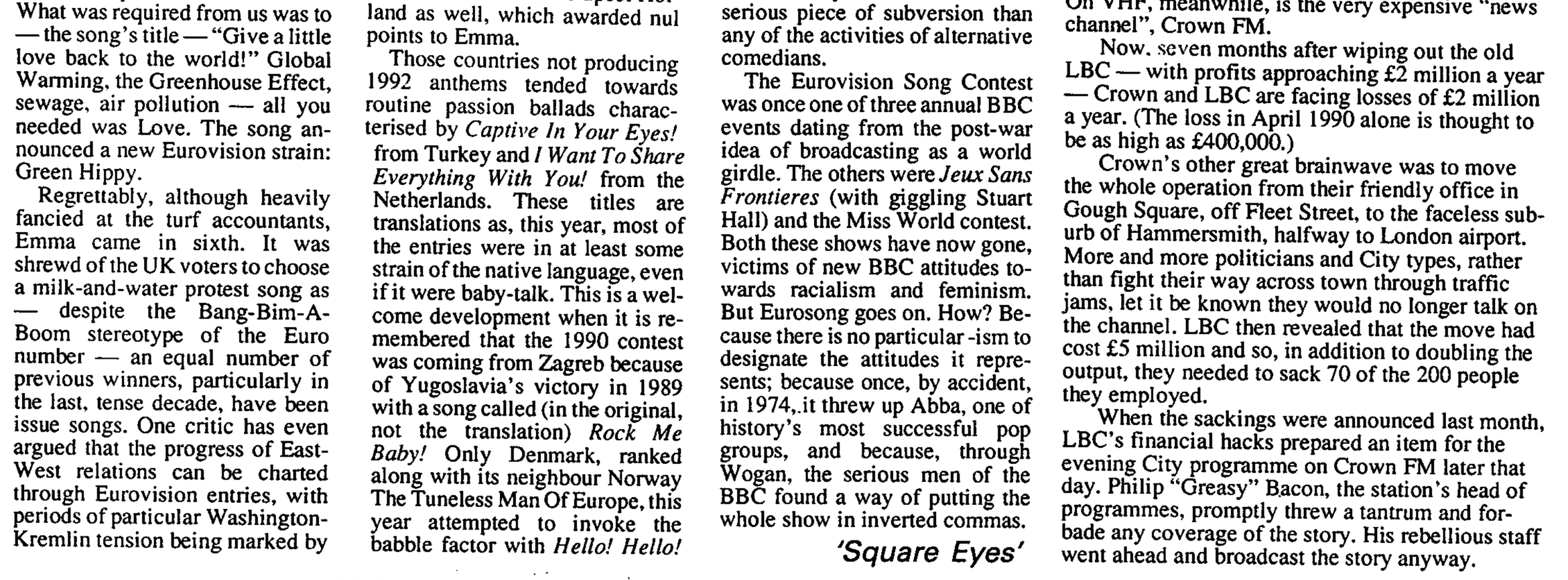
Last year, in a fit of corporate madness, the Australian firm that owns LBC, Crown Communications, decided the station should split frequencies from 2 October. This had been done by several music stations with varying degrees of success, but never by an all-talk station.

The AM wavelength became London Talkback — which, with its endless diet of phone-ins, is cheap to produce and actually has some listeners. On VHF, meanwhile, is the very expensive "news channel", Crown FM.

Now, seven months after wiping out the old LBC — with profits approaching £2 million a year — Crown and LBC are facing losses of £2 million a year. (The loss in April 1990 alone is thought to be as high as £400,000.)

Crown's other great brainwave was to move the whole operation from their friendly office in Gough Square, off Fleet Street, to the faceless suburb of Hammersmith, halfway to London airport. More and more politicians and City types, rather than fight their way across town through traffic jams, let it be known they would no longer talk on the channel. LBC then revealed that the move had cost £5 million and so, in addition to doubling the output, they needed to sack 70 of the 200 people they employed.

When the sackings were announced last month, LBC's financial hacks prepared an item for the evening City programme on Crown FM later that day. Philip "Greasy" Bacon, the station's head of programmes, promptly threw a tantrum and forbade any coverage of the story. His rebellious staff went ahead and broadcast the story anyway.


CORPORATION STREET W.1
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"AH, McDONALD & SOMERVILLE, I HEAR YOU'RE BOTH AFTER MY TITLE AS No.1 ITN NEWSREADER"
"YES, SIR ALASTAIR!"
"AH, WHOEVER GETS IT MUST FIRST PROVE THEY CAN EQUAL MY CAPACITY FOR THE JOB"
"OH, RIGHT ..."
SEXTUPLES ALL ROUND!"
KenPyne

FOR YEARS Rupert Murdoch's papers and others have campaigned against the weekly programme guides published by the BBC and ITV.

Radio Times and *TV Times* were running a cartel, abusing their dominant market positions and restricting free enterprise by preventing competitors from using their schedules, it was claimed.

The Government has now announced that their listings will have to be made available to all publishers (a decision, incidentally, which makes IPC's purchase of *TV Times* from ITV look completely mad). Murdoch has already anticipated the new regime with his weekly *TV Guide* magazine. Edited by Ian Birch, formerly of *Sky Magazine* (guess who publishes that), *TV Guide* claims to offer an impartial and objective preview of the week's programmes on all the terrestrial and satellite channels.

Interestingly, the current 68-page issue fails to include a single reference to BSB, never mind its programme details. This curious oversight (one that afflicts the *Sun*'s TV pages too) is all the more odd given that BSB can already be seen in 150,000 cable homes in Britain, with more to come in Ireland. This is virtually the same audience Sky had when it launched; but Sky did not of course go short of space in *TV Guide*, the *Sun* or the rest of the Murdoch press.

The Dirty Digger should be careful people don't falsely conclude that his papers will only promote Sky — exactly the criticism he used to level at the *Radio Times*'s relationship with the BBC and *TV Times*'s link with ITV.

CONMAN Joe Flynn tells us he has retired but has a plan for a book to be written by fun-loving Paul Sharman, himself no stranger to *Eye* readers.

Sharman has prepared a Flynn-exposé for *Hard News* which, Flynn tells us, he did purely to hype his proposed book. As a parting shot, Joe told how he conned the *Cook Report* on the miners' saga by claiming to be a Libyan bag man for all the money.

Cook and others flew to Bilbao to interview Flynn, who collected £400 for his troubles. Later he felt sorry for the hacks, he says, and rang them up to explain the con.

IMPRESARIO Harvey Goldsmith, trying to arrange a concert by ex-Turds' drummer Ringo Starr in the Algarve this summer, has advanced some £60,000 to his partner there, one Murray Adams, who runs and was until recently joint managing director of Villas and Homes in Almancil.

Mr Adams seems to have got into something of a financial pickle and is being pursued by the Portuguese tax man while enduring a messy divorce. It is even said that he is desperate to find an amount similar to Mr Goldsmith's advance to placate a particularly aggressive Algarve lawyer who is muttering "Old Bill".

One hopes the Goldsmith advance has helped smooth things over.

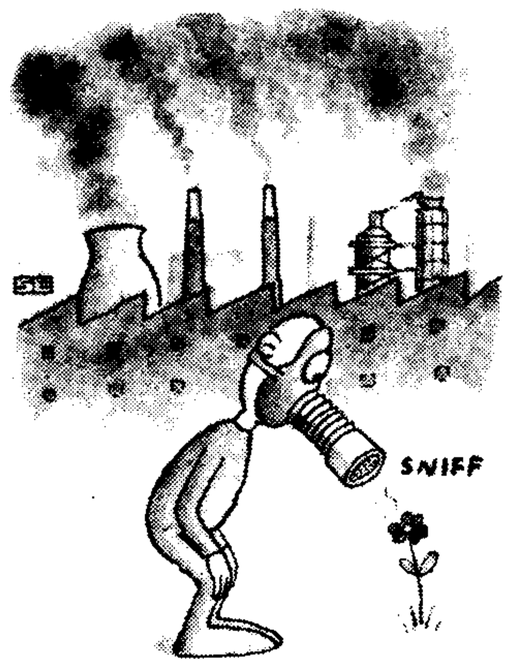
ELECTRICITY privatisation is producing rich pickings for even the most obscure hype merchants. While the big boys like Dewe Rogerson and Tim Bell have fared best, there are others who murmur as they take their fees that privatisation is the most lucrative disease.

Witness the National Grid Company, hitherto a worthy but untrumpeted segment of the generating industry. Even though the National Grid is now a wholly-owned subsidiary of the area electricity boards (now known as Discus) and will thus have no shares to sell in the forthcoming flotation, it has rushed to appoint a financial PR firm (Corporate and Commercial) to promote it in the run-up to the float. The fee? A not inconsiderable (even by T. Bell standards) quarter of a million.

As this can't be used to attract shares, could its real purpose be to advance the ambitions of the grid's bosses as they look forward to a future of fantastic salaries and a rather higher proportion of knighthoods than electricity has traditionally provided?

The fee seems to be working, however. David Jeffries, the grid's chairman, will be seen on telly soon: alas, only on *The Business Programme*, not yet *Wogan*.

DOWN ON THE FARM



with 'Old Muckspreader'

IT WOULD be ungenerous not to compliment the Secretary of State for Subsidies for his recent courage in blowing a raspberry at the vegetarians. John Gummer showed he was a real man when in a speech he stood up against the muesli marxists in favour of fast food capitalism.

Admiration cannot be unbounded, however, for Gummer has no real alternative policies in his bulging brief case: the subsidies pour on and the nonsense and nitrates flourish.

Given that vegetarians pose as much of a threat to the Government as Screaming Lord Sutch, how prudent of Gummer to attack this soft target while his allies and supporters get on with degrading the soil and landscape. You know he is talking through his hat when the *Daily Mail* features his speech as the act of a statesman.

With comparable boldness, junior minister Sir David Maclean praised fast food. Sadly the only important topics — such as the inflated expense and contracted supply of food and the obscene wastage of the common agricultural policy — remain way off the political agenda.

WE MAY rail against the preposterous economics of the EEC-Whitehall food chain, but it is nothing compared to the follies of Norway and Sweden.

Scandinavian farmers not only represent a folk memory of what Swedes and Norwegians imagine themselves to be, they also have a huge leverage in the votes market as the small farmers' parties can swing the unbalanced urban votes. Oslo and Stockholm's protectionism makes their food even more expensive than that in the EEC.

Now Mats Hellstrom, Swedish agriculture minister, has unveiled a scheme to liberalise the food economy. He gives five years to scrap all artificial prices and subsidies and the post-1930 self-sufficiency policy. The price of groceries, in real terms, is anticipated to fall by just less than half. Mr Hellstrom fancies this is more than good economics: it is also popular politics.

The Swedish Farmers Federation, like our NFU, was not ecstatic at the idea of its members having to do something commercially useful in future. Meanwhile the European Commission's embassy in Stockholm is entertaining a team of Eurocrats who watch the Swedes do what they have all staked their reputations on saying is impossible.

A NEW BOOK from the august Institute of Economic Affairs puts last year's salmonella "Chickengate" scandal into a fresh perspective.

Edwina Currie may have wanted to save us all from poisoned eggs, but according to the analysis of Professor J.P. Duguid of Dundee University and Richard North, the salmonella scare was provoked by public health laboratory staff wanting to be noticed, dirty restaurateurs wanting not to be noticed — and a vain and silly politician wanting to protect us from problems that were not really there.

Readers can dose themselves up with salmonella simply by licking their wrists where the — largely harmless — bacteria are ever-present.

Mrs Currie's fantasies have left us with a host of new regulations and costs. All that has changed is that a few more civil servants have salaries while a few more chicken farmers went bust and a few million innocent (that is to say clean) chickens were slaughtered.

The intriguing "Chickengate" book does not explain why the big egg companies thought the whole scam a great idea. Could this have anything to do with new import blocking sales in the UK of cheaper foreign eggs? Surely not!

LEGAL NEWS

LEADING City solicitors Herbert Smith are in the soup again for backing "controversial" clients.

It is only a few months since they were roasted in the DTI inspectors' report on the Harrods affair for giving "untrue, incorrect and seriously exaggerated" information about the wealth of the Fayeds (aka Dross Bros) to the Office of Fair Trading. Nor was this the partnership's first such rebuke; Sir Godfray Le Quesne's report on the Barlow Clowes scandal also criticised Herbert Smith, pointing out that it was their assurances which helped persuade the DTI to renew Barlow Clowes's licence.

And now again. This time the firm is in trouble over a new company called Maccorp Holdings Ltd. Six million pounds were raised last October for Maccorp — much of it from the miners' and railway workers' pension funds — to open a chain of bureaux de change under the name "Exact Change". Central to Herbert Smith's role was Maccorp's business plan, which claimed impressively that the management team of the new venture included the "chief executive officer" and "operations director" of Chequepoint, the world's leading bureau-de-change company. Copies of this business plan were circulated widely in the City.

There was only one snag: it wasn't true. The two individuals in question, American-born Arden "Guy" McClelland and Robin Cutts, had indeed worked for Chequepoint but in rather more junior positions — and both had been fired after only a few weeks of employment.

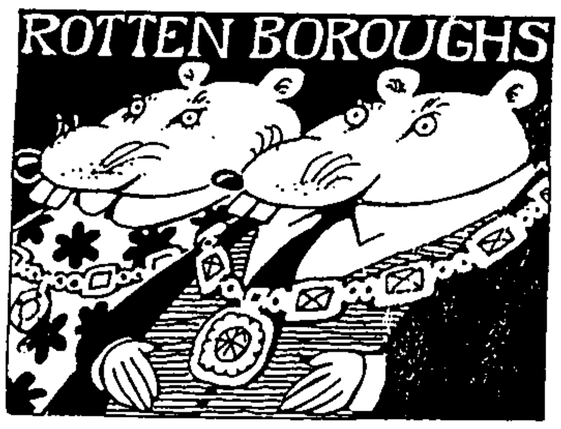
McClelland's history alone might have been enough to scare off most investors, had they been told it. Before forming Maccorp, he was heavily involved in a company called Vitari (UK) Ltd, through which he imported American "dessert-food technology" to Europe. He raised more than £1.8 million to finance the start-up, but within a year the company needed further funds and in 1989 was wound up with debts estimated at £2 million.

Throughout this period McClelland was a director of Vitari, and for most of the time its managing director. Although the Maccorp business plan had extensive information about Vitari, it was strangely silent on the company's failure.

Another subject on which investors might have been better informed is the legitimacy of McClelland's continued presence in Britain. A work permit, secured by his previous employers at Chequepoint, was taken by McClelland for restamping by the Home Office *after* he had been dismissed — which is a criminal offence.

Herbert Smith and the Royal Trust Bank should have been aware of the misrepresentation in Maccorp's business plan well before any investor was persuaded to part with their dosh. In an affidavit sworn by McClelland last April, he admitted he had not been chief executive officer of Chequepoint. Herbert Smith used this affidavit when drawing up the business plan six months later — yet they repeatedly insisted he had been CEO.

Maccorp is already well behind its financial targets and was recently predicting a £500,000 loss instead of the profits originally envisaged. Problems with the Spanish operation, including the deportation of staff, have led to the resignation of Cutts in unexplained circumstances. Maccorp's shareholders could be in for a bumpy ride — but at least they can rest assured that Messrs Herbert Smith have had their fees paid in full.



BIRMINGHAM

DESPITE the absurd witch-hunt in the city's social services department to find out who is leaking stories to the *Eye*, the magazine is obviously being read in high places. Following our last article but one, a deputy principal of a children's home has been suspended from duty pending an investigation.

We described an attempted escape from the St John's home in Erdington by a teenage boy and told how he was chased and recaptured.

A senior officer then decided to discourage a repeat attempt by inflicting maximum pain. His colleagues were sickened but feared to complain because of the long line of child care workers already sacked or suspended for questioning the regime.

Now James Smith, recently appointed deputy principal of the home, has been suspended. (In effect he was the principal since the sudden transfer of the previous incumbent Adrian Miles last year.) The department now has at least 10 officers suspended on full pay — thought to be the highest in the country.

Smith's involvement in the latest incident is unclear. What is certain is that he has been involved in several similar incidents before. In March 1988 there was an investigation following the discharge of a young woman from St John's. Reports written by Smith's colleagues and sent to the *Eye* describe the girl being pinned to the floor by Smith and another male colleague for causing a disturbance.

Then she was frogmarched to a van and driven home. There, her older brother who had also been maltreated at St John's, threatened to take his revenge. Smith and his colleagues hurled the girl from the van and drove off at high speed.

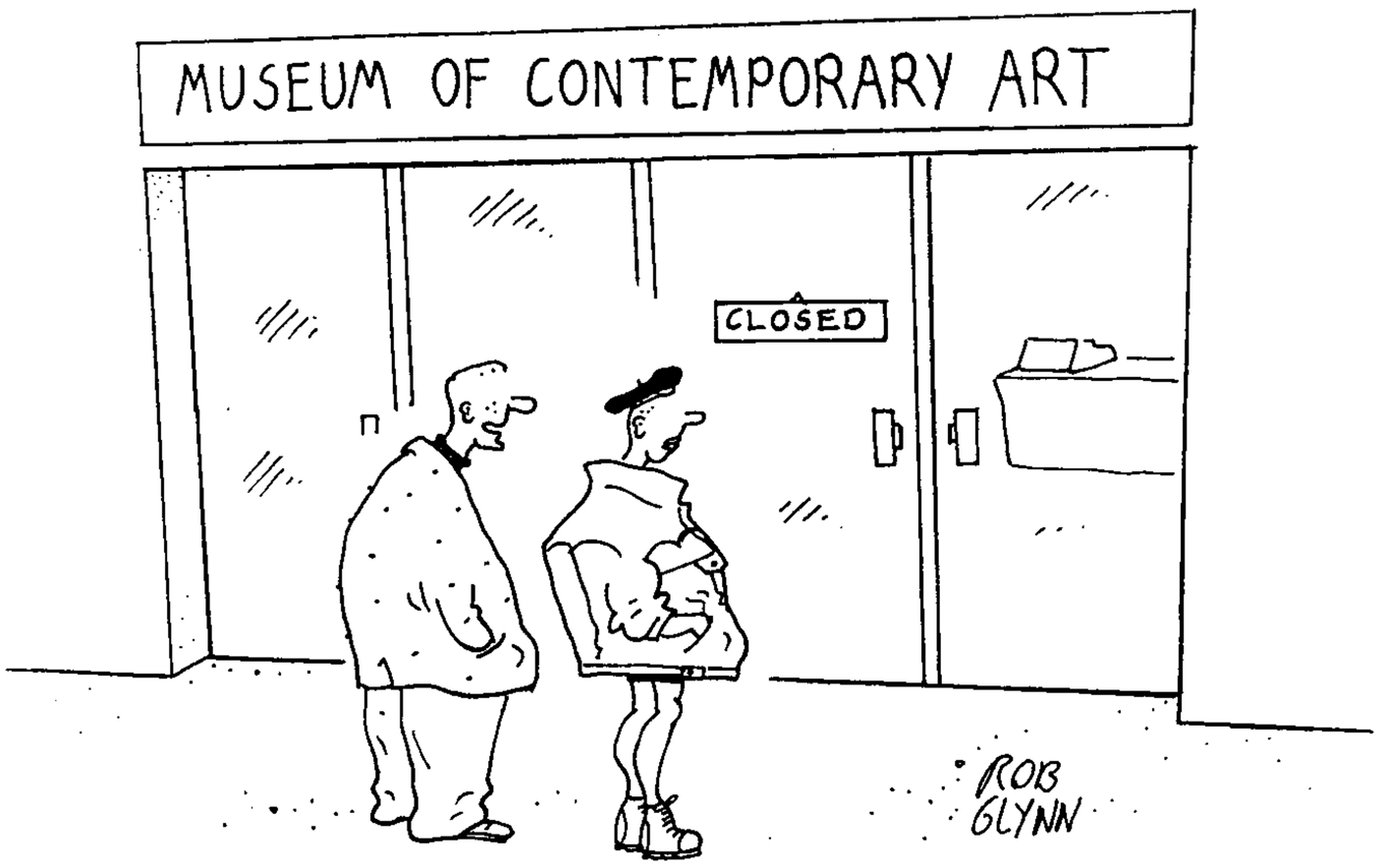
This was undoubtedly a very difficult girl, but as Smith's colleague observed in his report: "I would have done things differently."

Smith has been investigated on at least two other occasions following allegations of "improper child care" but has always been cleared.

Smith's suspension and the current inquiry are seen in the department as a direct result of the *Eye* article and nothing to do with its own internal complaints procedures which were supposed to have been made more accessible after the last round of scandals.

Meanwhile paranoia over leaks to the *Eye* is reaching foolish levels. Senior officers in several departments report desks being searched at night and people eavesdropping on telephone calls.

The *Eye* is pleased to report that the policy of silence followed by the chairman of the child care committee Gerry Moore has paid off — last week he was reelected for a further four years. Children and child care staff can relax knowing they are in good hands...



"I told you the work was inaccessible"

BIRMINGHAM's desperation to improve its image is reaching ever-more ludicrous levels.

After a year which saw it voted the second most unattractive city in Europe and brought national infamy for its handling of a range of municipal murkiness, city fathers have decided not to resign en masse but to throw lots of other people's money at the problem instead.

They have taken on a full-time public relations consultant and created a 40-strong team of press officers. The consultant, Lynda Longbottom, will be paid £45,000 a year. But in all the revamped press unit will cost the beleaguered poll-tax payers several million pounds a year.

Longbottom, 44, nicknamed Shirley Shortarse by Birmingham's imaginative hacks, is accustomed to trying to sell the impossible — she comes from British Nuclear Forum with "glowing" references.

She has promised major changes among the press officers, but her first big problem is lord mayor Fred Chapman. He is having to explain a £100,000 excess on his £1.5 million annual budget caused by a series of foreign jaunts.

Fellow councillors have dubbed him Flying Frederick after trips to Africa, France, Germany, the US and Africa. He even managed a three-week trip around India. Explanations have varied, but his feeblest was a trip to Sierra Leone with senior officer Gordon Tricklebank to "open a college".

Even Shirl will have a job explaining that lot.

DURHAM

READERS of *Eye* 733 will recall how, after the city council had dared to object to the county council's plan to convert the grounds of Houghall College into a caravan park, Durham city's leader Gary Birch was summoned by the county leader, Don Robson.

The consequence was that in November Labour councillors solemnly reversed their decision. Now, when not acting as a tribune of the people, our Gary is employed by the social services department of Durham County Council and has just been promoted, with a £5,000 increase in salary. But there is nothing sinister in this, and this able man is stepping down as leader of the city council. His successor is Tom Gill who, as it happens, also works for the county council.

Meanwhile everyone is longing to read the environmental study commissioned from Shankland Cox by the county council which will surely justify the council's controversial proposals to build on the Aykley Heads estate, an area of great landscape value in a world heritage site, etc *(Eyes passim ad nauseam)*.

Shankland Cox submitted its report several months ago, but the county council has still not received it. Disgraceful how bad the post is these days...

STAFFORDSHIRE

MORE scandals are beginning to emerge from the wastelands of Staffordshire, this time involving the Labour-run county council's brutal social services department.

Council leaders are being asked to investigate why bizarre Romanian torture practices were meted out to children in the council's care at two council-run children's homes in Newcastle-under-Lyme and Stoke-on-Trent. It seems that children at the homes were incarcerated in a special wing where they were guarded night and day, clad only in pyjamas, until they could prove convincingly that they had modified their behaviour.

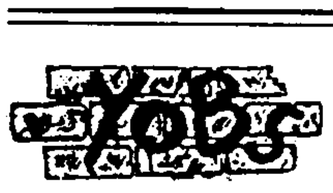
This strange form of punishment, known as the "pin-down" method, should only be used under the strictest guidelines. However, opposition councillors are alleging that proper procedures were ignored and that senior Labour members of the council hid details of the scheme from councillors on the social services committee.

It also seems that the ingenuity of the scheme outwitted even the council's Director of Social Services, whose novel excuse for not incorporating the guidelines in the use of "pin-down" was that it was not a "sanction or a punishment but a method of treatment" (sic).

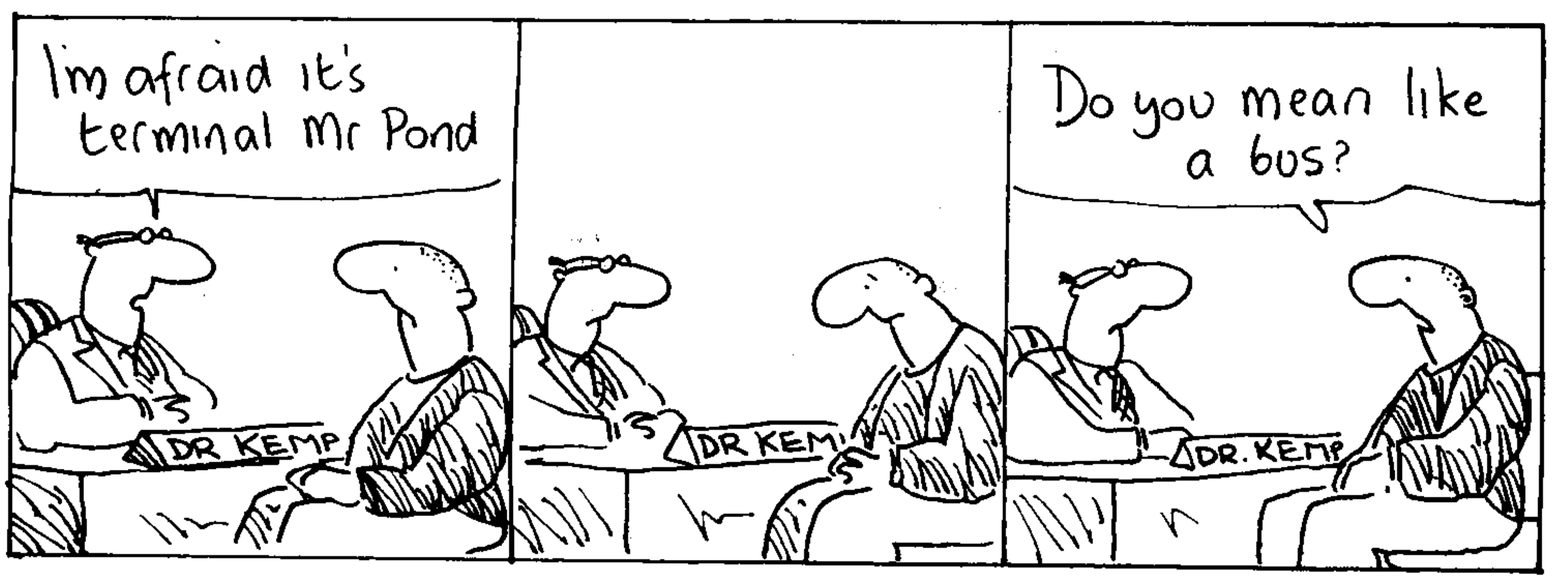
The honour of initiating the system has gone to high-powered council social worker Tony Latham, then area officer in charge of the two homes, who introduced "pin-down" in 1983. Latham was a busy man. As well as running the local child care service, he had his hands full running his own money-spinning sideline in private social "services".

Latham and other county council officers had set up a number of companies which were providing much needed facilities to both Staffs council and the local probation service. These included a private day-centre in Stoke, a taxi-hire service to ferry old folk to the home, a "community" warehouse stocking cheap furniture and a skip hire business.

Two Staffs Liberal Democrat councillors, Alan Thomas and Christina Jebb, are now calling for a full inquiry into the "pin-down" practice and the remarkable entrepreneurial skills of the social services officers. It is not yet known whether the long-suffering Staffordshire poll tax payers were unwitting shareholders.



HUSBAND



Sally Deedes

WRITING in the last annual report of the Advertising Standards Authority, Lord McGregor of Durris, the authority chairman, said how proud he was that the ASA had stayed free of statutory regulations. He pronounced grandly that the ASA was "enlarging the contents of democratic citizenship by conferring what are in fact new rights to remedies which cannot easily or cheaply or effectively be pursued through the courts".

This is something of a distortion. Complaints over misleading or dishonest advertising cannot easily be pushed through the courts because there are so few relevant laws. And why is that? Because instead of fighting for proper laws to boost the rights of consumers, the ASA has supported a self-regulatory system...

Mr Roger Proud is probably typical of thousands who have campaigned against specific advertisements only to be defeated in the courts with no back-up from the ASA — even though the ASA had upheld the complaint in the first place.

For example, in January last year the *Daily Mirror* carried an advertisement placed by Redwing Holidays and Air Miles (owned by British Airways) announcing "totally free holidays". "Collecting vouchers," the ad claimed, "would become part of everyday shopping. 1,000 vouchers are worth £45.00 off any brochure price of any holiday." The advertisement listed the retail outlets from which readers could collect vouchers, including British Gas.

As Mr Proud was installing central heating at a cost of £3,500, he took the advertisement to his local gas showroom and asked for his vouchers. Staff said they knew nothing about the offer.

Mr Proud then contacted Redwing holidays who refused to discuss the matter, saying it was a matter for Air Miles. Air Miles's marketing manager, Steve Martin, said he would investigate and ring Mr Proud back. He never did.

So Mr Proud presented his case to the ASA who upheld his complaint on the ground that on "a specific purchase they (Air Miles) were obliged to give Mr Proud his vouchers to the value of £3,500" and "were concerned that the complainant did not receive them".

Armed with this decision Mr Proud again approached Air Miles. Again he received no reply. In June the county court issued a summons against Air Miles. This March the case was dismissed, as was an application to charge Redwing since there was no contract with Air Miles and therefore no case. Costs were awarded to the defendant.

For nearly 30 years the ASA has successfully been presenting as a consumer protection charter a code which reflects the working practices of the advertising industry.

As a result, Parliament has not given consumers proper legal remedies against misleading ads. While the industry is regulated by a voluntary code — it can seemingly reject the code if it wishes — the consumer continues to be conned.

STUDENTS worried by the high cost of education and the low level of their grants will be interest by a Department of Education and Science brochure which reads, under the heading** Grants to Students — a brief guide: **"No contribution is expected from your parents if... they have both died."

Sporting Life

THE all-day conference on the future of the racing industry called by the Jockey Club at Sandown Park last month established once and for all that racing in Britain is run mainly for the bookmakers.

They democratically indicate their preferences and the Jockey Club acts accordingly. All morning an assortment of Turf worthies pontificated about racing's finances. The heretical Lord Zetland dared argue for some kind of off-course Tote monopoly whereby the hefty revenues generated by off-course betting could be ploughed back into private hands. It was hot and airless in the Ardross Suite and some looked as if they were about to expire as they tried to grapple with such a cerebral notion. Fortunately the afternoon session featured a pair of speakers so reassuring, so eminently sound, that the need for further debate was soon extinguished.

To hear Len Cowburn of the Bookmakers Committee on the Horseracing Advisory Council and Tom Kelly of the Betting Office Licensees Association you'd think the big betting shop chains don't make huge profits at all. Why, the poor fellows seem to positively strapped for cash. Weak and feeble and entirely unable to contribute even the tiniest extra percentage to the levy.

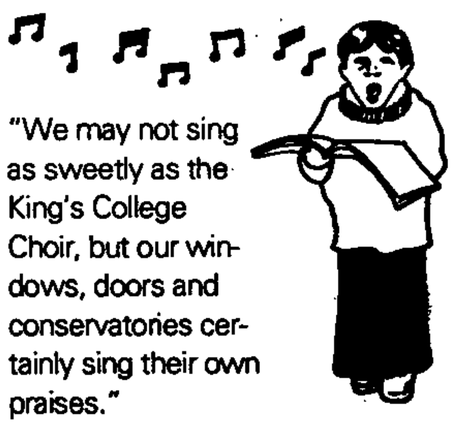
Strangely, in the same breath Cowburn declared that racing in general had never been healthier and that any inquiry into its long-term future should be scotched at the outset as counter-productive. Never mind the point made by Bill Adams of the Stable Lads Association that the facilities for racing's labour force in the new million pound weighing room complex at Newmarket were abysmal. That's not the bookies' responsibility or the Jockey Club's. "Stoker" Hartington was so persuaded by Kelly and Cowburn's arguments that he ruled single-handedly that any change to off-course betting was a non-starter.

Earlier in the day he had unveiled his own new secret weapon in his campaign to make racing's leadership more dynamic and professional: step forward Christopher "Sugar Plum" Haines, the new Jockey Club chief executive. Haines's big speech inspired immediate and total confidence: racing, he said, is a six letter word beginning with "r" and ending with "g".

Jonathan Irwin, former Goffs impresario who should've been offered Haines's job, was apparently once rung up while on his rostrum in the middle of the Cartier Million sale and told that his company chairman Dr Michael Dargan had been seen fast asleep in his Merc in the car park. Dargan would've been in his element at the Sandown conference.

'Major Bonkers'

campain


"We may not sing as sweetly as the King's College Choir, but our windows, doors and conservatories certainly sing their own praises."

CAMGLAZE
185 NEWMARKET ROAD, CAMBRIDGE

Contributor: Andrew Mackay

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for entries printed.

Private Eye

Letters

General agreement

Sir,

In The Wallace Affairs (738) we learn that Wallace had a secret job description and that General Rous's denial of its existence is a mistake made a hundred times by people "even more important than the general". If your story were true you would know that Major General Rous is not the Commandant of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and that he has never been.

It appears reporters a great deal less important than the general make mistakes as well. Perhaps your hack could attend a special course dealing with the media just like the one at Sandhurst. Only then could he learn to report the truth.

I'm cancelling this subscription until next week.

Yours faithfully,
FRANCIS GOULDING,
Swindon, Wilts.

Pew! What a scorcher!

Sir,

Yet again I see that Piloti is attacking the church over a redundant building.

When will you clowns realise that the church is not an ancient monument preservation society?

Far from "the scandal of ecclesiastical exemption", the church must apply for a special permission for even minor changes, and has to go through an elaborate procedure before closing a building.

How would Private Eye like having to maintain all its former offices and having to get permission from a special court every time it wished to move its furniture?

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT LEACH,
Editor, Guildford Diocesan Herald.

Inscrewtable

Sir,

Your inventive story about my affair in post-war Egypt with Penelope Lively's mother and its effect on her daughter's activities on the Arts Council's literature panel is not accurate. At the time you mention, I had never set foot in Egypt and did not do so for another 20 years. Over and above this, I have never met Penelope Lively's mother and have not the faintest idea who she was/is.

If, therefore, as you rather discouragingly predict, the London Magazine is "cut off without a penny", it is unlikely to have anything to do with my non-existent affair in a then unvisited country with a woman unknown to me. My youth may have had many follies, but that was not one of them.

Yours faithfully,
ALAN ROSS,
London Magazine, SW7.

Penny pinching

Sir,

Your piece on Penelope Lively in the "Grovel" column of your last issue is factually inaccurate. The London Magazine continued to be funded by the Arts Council and receives more than any other literary journal we support.

Penelope Lively is one of fourteen members of the Arts Council Literature Advisory Panel who contribute towards decisions about funding policy.

Yours sincerely,
DR ALASTAIR NIVEN
(Literature Director),
Arts Council, London W1.

Radiant

Sir,

Sally Deedes's column in Eye 740 serves only to expose the lamentable state of scientific knowledge in both the media and the general public.

"Radiation first attacks the thyroid gland, depriving victims of iodine" — complete crap.

The body has only one use for iodine and that is the manufacture of thyroid hormones (thyroxine, etc) which regulate the body's basal metabolic rate. Radioactive isotopes of iodine such as 1125, released in nuclear disasters, are rapidly concentrated in the thyroid gland, where they can cause tissue death and/or cancer.

The idea behind taking iodine (or rather sodium iodide) tablets is to completely saturate the thyroid gland with non-radioactive iodine to prevent the uptake of the radioactive variety, thereby avoiding the risk of damage to the thyroid tissue and a sudden decrease in life expectancy.

The advice was all wrong anyway, it should've been "In the event of a leak, run like hell!"

Yours faithfully,
I McALOON,
Northumberland.

Fox hole

Sir,

The recently-published letter from one Harold Gould concerning an otter-hunting incident in the Welsh borders contradicted a version of events previously given by Mr Howard.

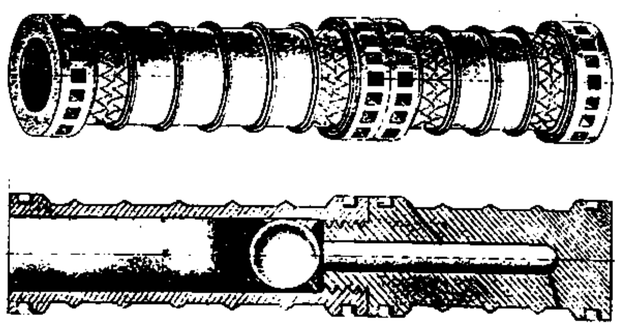
There can be no doubt as to which version of events should be believed when it appears that Gould, although still unrepentant over the persecution of harmless and defenceless mammals, does not possess either the courage or strength of his convictions sufficient to publish his correct address, despite the sympathy of police "friends".

He shows a still further lack of principle in adopting for his purpose the headquarters address of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds where he is neither known or his views approved of.

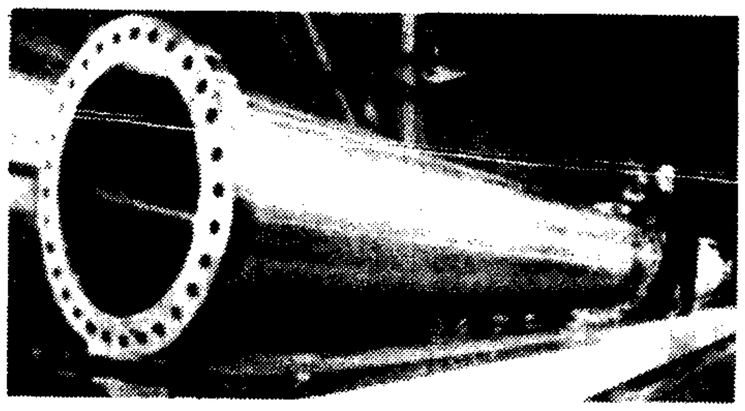
Is he afraid of being culled himself?

Yours faithfully,
D.J. TOLLEY,
Warwick.

Lookalike



Iraqi tubing



15th-century Turkish cannon

Sir,

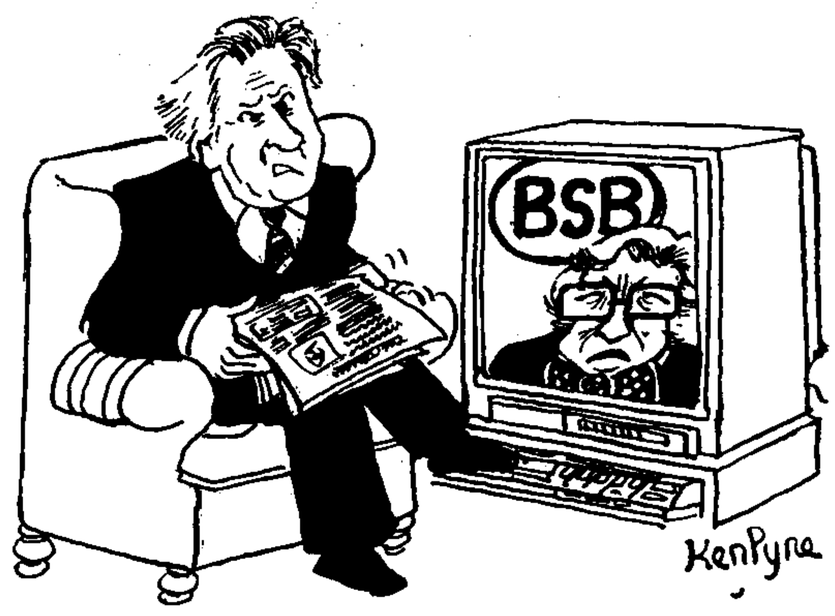
I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the remarkable similarity between lengths of tubing destined for the Iraqi Doomsday Gun and that of the Turkish Gun on display at the Tower of London.

I wonder if by any chance the two projects are related? Or did Sheffield Forgemasters have a hand in the Fall of Constantinople in 1453?

I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
HUSEYIN MURAD,
London N11.

"It must be terrible being old and forgotten, without dignity and suffering a living death. But then again..."



"Where else would Sir Robin find a job at his age?"

Bogged down

Sir,

If Old Muckspreader got his facts right and did a bit more research he might land up shooting at the right target. The nature park on Canvey Island to which he claims Essex County Council is objecting is the planning gain offered by Peter de Savary's Aldersgate Developments in return for a development involving the construction of 4,500 houses, and business parks etc.

Since the land concerned is already open country and marshland the so-called nature park would be no benefit whatsoever to the local community or to local wildlife. The only beneficiary would be Peter de Savary who would be able to pay off his loans and buy a few more yachts.

Ten thousand people in the Canvey area have signed a petition against the proposed development and fully support the stance taken by Essex County Council. The role of Castle Point District Council and one or two other local groups who hope a few crumbs will drop off the table in their direction would be a much more suitable subject for Old Muckspreader's scorn.

Yours sincerely,
E. GOUGH (Mrs),
Canvey Island, Essex.

Grave charge

Sir,

Upon reading your article on the obituaries of Lord Rothschild (Eye 739), it suddenly occurred to me that Rothschild's advocacy of the Poll Tax (aka Community Charge) might not have been the Tory brown-nosing it appears to be.

Observing the strength of animosity this policy arouses, and the anti-Thatcher/Tory riots already witnessed — could this not be seen as the Trojan Horse legacy of the "Fifth Man"?

Yours muckrakingly,
E. JOFFE,
Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs.

New Krays

Sir,

How good it is to see that the much maligned Kray brothers have had their good name restored. We now see that, far from being a grisly pair of psychopaths, they were in fact fond of their mother.

Could the record be put straight in similar cases with the homely side of well known figures being portrayed by pop singers? I would suggest an affectionate look at Mr Ceausescu and his lovely Elena; there may well have been a mother in their lives. In which case, surely, step forward Mr Cliff Richard and the equally lovely Cilla.

Might be a new craze.

Yours in the cause of fair play,
TERENCE EDMOND,
London W5.

Oil Slicker

Sir,

Re "Oil's well that ends well" article, Business News, Eye 739.

You quote a figure of "£4 billion" in concessions to induce oil producers to de-commission drilling platforms. I would like to know how this figure relates to the figure of "£4,206 million" to partially dismantle one platform, quoted in the same article. By my calculations, this would indicate 951 platforms. I am a student of French, not chem. Eng: are there really that many platforms?

I suggest that the Eye abandon use of the words "million" and "billion" and use instead Standard Form. This would avoid confusion between the US billion ($1x10^9$ or 1E9) and the British and international billion ($1x10^{12}$ or 1E12).

I further suggest that more calculations are shown, instead of just presenting figures for the readers to accept as true and accurate; e.g. my calculation of the number of drilling platforms to decommission: 4E12/4.206E9=951.022 (to 3 d.p.).

Omnia Bello Flagrant,
KEITH RHODES,
Sheffield.

Dinner Cong

Sir,

So now we know — the reason why Vietnam could not spare food to export between 1940 and now was "decades of caring socialism" (Old Muckspreader, Eye 740)!

I'll swear I read somewhere or other that there was a war on there for most of these years, involving the Japanese — or was it the British, the French, or maybe the Americans? Maybe it was all four? Of course Vietnam is a faraway country and it all happened a very long time ago, but might it just have had a teeny-weeny effect on their agriculture?

Then there is also the possibility to consider that Vietnam's new-found status as a food exporter stems not from the economic success of its free markets but from the sheer economic desperation brought on by the ravages of the war(s), the Americans' failure to pay for reparations (promised in the peace treaty they signed), and the disgraceful economic sanctions applied since by the USA and its lackeys (like the UK).

Of course these must be pretty trivial matters compared with Ordnance 193 of the party code but surely they rate at least a mention?

Yours sincerely,
ALASDAIR BEAL,
Leeds.

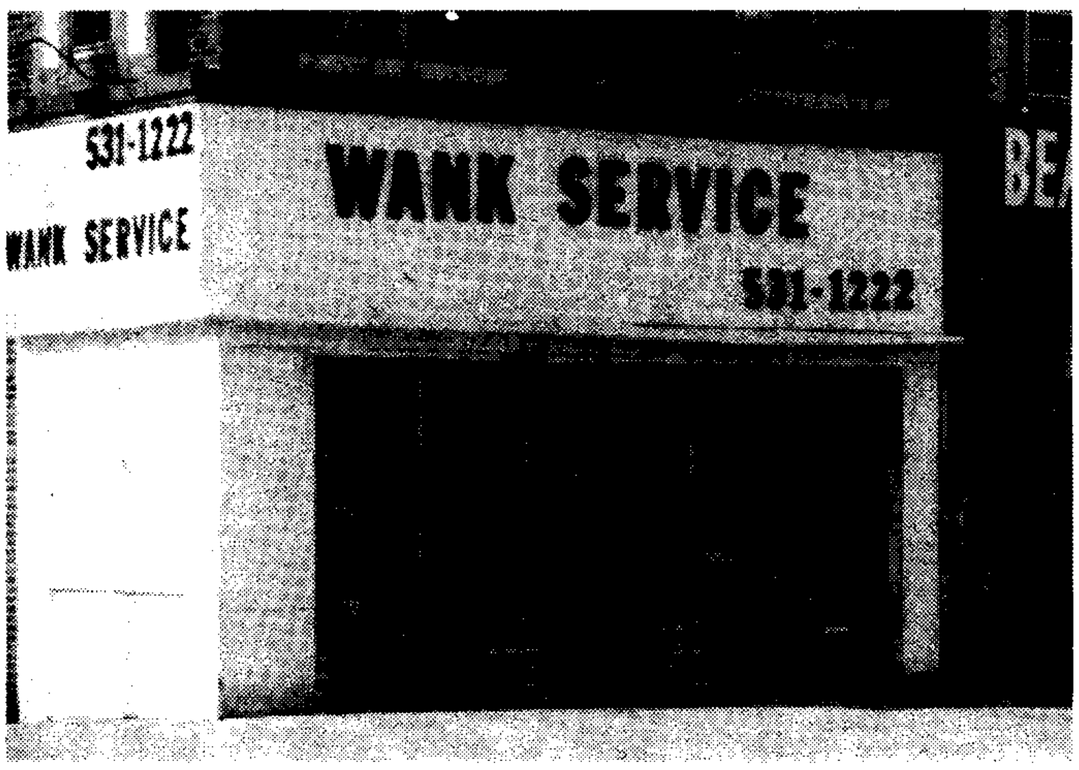
What's in a gusset?

Sir,

Letters last time. Are Celia Brayfield and Sally Beauman not one and the same person?

If not I think we should be warned.

Yours,
PAUL GIBSON,
Arundel, W Sussex.



I-SPY

Cleveland, Ohio

Submitted by Nigel Bramwell. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

A Wry reader writes

Sir,

Is the "Editor of Private Eye" whose photograph appeared in a recent issue in any way related to Mr Ian Hislop, the editor of Private Eye, who is well known for criticising Mr Robert Maxwell for his shameless self-promotion, e.g. printing photographs of himself, etc?

I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
ANDREW McGUINNESS-WRY,
Selwyn College, Cambridge.

Loads of balls

Sir,

Snipcock and Twaddle (Aachenballs)

I cannot allow Humphrey Graham's letter re the snip in Eye 740 to pass without comment. My own experience of the operation has been:

1 *Having balls the size of oranges for a few days was slightly discomforting, but improved one's loved one.*

2 *Intercourse 48 hours after the knife was painless and pleasurable.*

3 *I feel as randy as ever.*

I may not be as good as I once was, but I'm as good once as I ever was.

Yours faithfully,
Dr F.W. WRAY,
Aachen, W Germany.

Direct miss

Sir,

Has Humphrey Graham no balls? (Eye 740). Two of my lovers had "the snip". I never had reason to complain of any loss of libido on their part and it did wonders for mine. Neither experienced much discomfort though one did choose to come home from the clinic by taxi rather than use his motorbike. He was soon riding again.

Go for it, fellas. Do someone a favour.

Yours longingly,
ILLEGIBLE (Miss).

Sods all

Sir,

Like several of your correspondents, I too was disgusted by the AIDS advertisement that appeared in the Eye. This was because of the criminal waste of government money on an advertisement which will bring a glow of smug satisfaction to the health lobby, but will do sod all to change the behaviour of those at risk.

The Health Education Council carries on that noble tradition, upheld by governments of all parties, of encouraging people who get their kicks from telling everybody else what they should be doing. Who better than an overweight, smoking, drinking slob like Kenneth Clark to dispatch the HEC back to whichever Calvinist hell spawned it?

Abolish the HEC now! (then let's make a start on the green movement...)

Yours foamingly,
PAUL STEEPLES,
London SW9.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"And St Helens have really got their tails between their teeth."
MALCOLM LORD, GMR
(John McDermott)

"He's completely unoverawed by Senna."
JAMES HUNT, BBC2
(N Thomas)

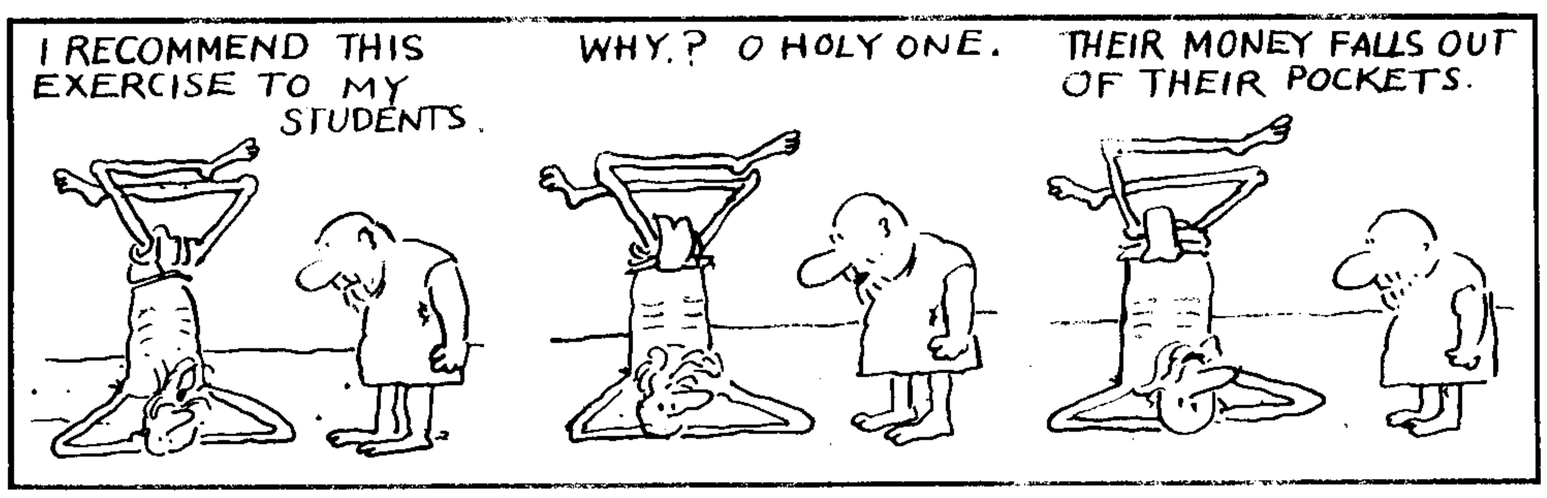
"It's like a game of chess; all the cards are thrown in the air, the board's turned over and you're in a completely new ball game."
ANTHONY HOWARD, BBC2
(Cynthia Bloom)

"It's a no win or lose situation."
GLENN McCRORY, BBC1
(R.N. Allan)

"The Wiz is based on The Wizard of Oz. It's like a musical version of it."
SINITTA, ITV
(Anon)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from **Sydney**

from Our Own Correspondent

AS HAS BEEN the way here in the Hawke era of fluff politics, now the election is over and the advertising men have been packed off back to Madison Avenue, the real issues are at last being discussed. The facts are not for the fainthearted.

Commercial interest rates are now knocking 20 per cent and — surprise, surprise — not falling as promised before the poll; the external debt of some US$150bn is comfortably the world's largest; and business prospects are now universally regarded as the worst since the 1930s. All of which seems to confirm that Australia has been permanently confined to its First-World-living-standards-Third World economy status by the borrowing and spending boom of "deregulate it" Hawke.

Indeed, even the "Silver Bodgie", as he's known, is talking of budget cuts and warning us that there's no "Easy Street" ahead. "Aussies can't adopt a 'She'll be all right mate' attitude to the economy," he whined the other day, begging the question of what else his policy had been since coming to power in 1983.

An answer came within days of confirmation that what once passed for a Labour Party had scraped home for a fourth consecutive term on a handful of 2nd, 3rd and 4th preference votes. Senator Peter Walsh, Hawke's finance minister, resigned from the cabinet claiming the government "didn't have the guts" to take the harsh economic decisions needed to save us. Hawke's response cannot be printed in a family publication, but he shed none of the televised tears of old. They, it seems, are likely to be shed by us this time.

Given the Hawke mob's indefensible record, it was only an electoral performance that made Michael Foot's 1983 effort in the UK look good, that saw the opposition Liberals let him off the hook. In a move that should see them prosecuted under the Aussie equivalent of the trade descriptions act, the PR men chose "the family" as the twice-divorced Andrew Peacock's campaign theme. Needless to say, the "all feathers, no meat" Peacock has been replaced by someone the admen will find easier to sell: a clean-living Sydney lawyer called John Hewson.

The big question now is where all this leaves the Silver Bodgie's "Order of Mates" — namely Bondy (yes, he of the record losses); the Goanna (the slippery Packer); and not least the Dirty Digger himself — all of whose massive tax exemptions and borrowings of recent years have more or less dictated national financial policy.

With Bond effectively bankrupt and the Digger's and Goanna's media empires increasingly lukewarm to the Bodgie's supercilious chumming-up, some pundits believe Murdoch and Co are awaiting overtures from the Liberals that would allow them to change horses mid-stream.

In the meantime there's a feeling that it will soon be necessary to find scapegoats for the current malaise and having revelled in a level of corruption that would shock the average Nigerian or Mexican public official in recent years, good old Oz has plenty of options.

A posse of senior police officers are under official investigation: one royal commission found a marijuana growing operation run by the New South Wales police, while inquiries led back to a senior Sydney police officer. Meanwhile, a provincial minister for prisons is doing a bit of time himself for indulging in a some palm-greasing to speed the release of dangerous inmates, and a variety of former Queensland ministers who served under arch-corruptocrat premier "Joe Bananas" Bjelke-Petersen are up for crimes ranging from organising prostitution rackets to illegal gambling.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

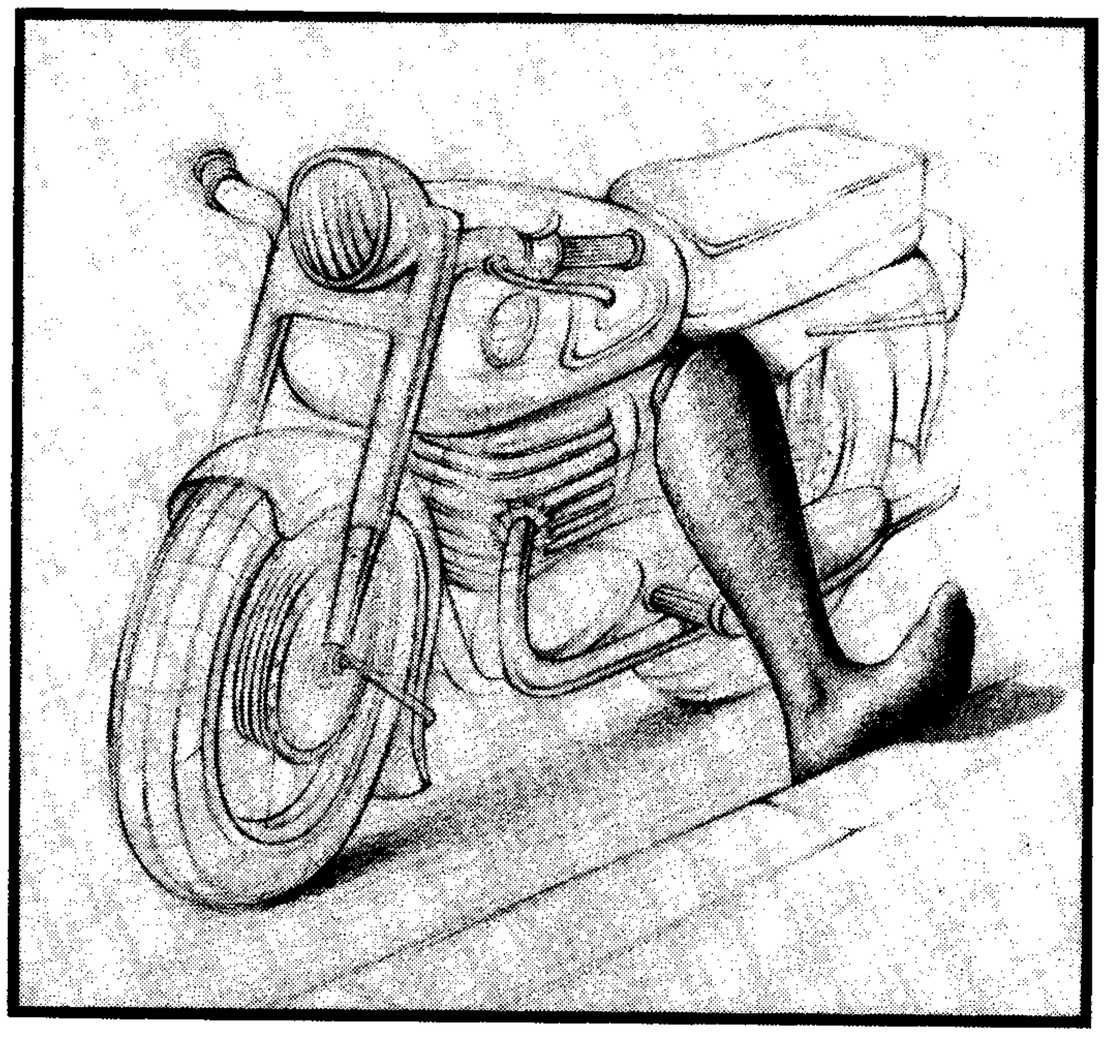
TRUE STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY BERT KITCHEN

INTERVIEWED outside her home, Mrs Maria Rogers Johnson said: "All the family supported my eldest daughter, Maria Jane, when she declared she was going to Walk For The Homeless from Peoria, here, to Washington DC, a distance of 790 miles. But after she had gone 150 miles people had contributed only $1.50, at 200 miles the local paper revealed she had criminal convictions for arson and felony, at 350 miles the Big-Illinois-TV All Family Show pointed out that she was wanted by the police in Texas, and by the time she reached mile 425 her employer, the Spanish Arbor Home's Mr Jason Dittien, was waiting to tell her that she had been fired from her post as house-mother to 100 pregnant spinsters."

COMMENTING on the fact that at a recent funeral service in his church, St Mary's of South Elmsall, Pontefract, he had been obliged to ask among the congregation for someone "to help carry the coffin", the Reverend George Moffatt went on to say:

"It did not add to the dignity of the occasion that the only person to come forward was a one-legged woman. Nowadays, the family do not supply pallbearers and undertakers rationalise costs by providing fewer of them. I am reliably informed that some undertakers wheel the coffin into the church on what many would take for a supermarket trolley."



GIVING evidence in his own favour, Mr J.R. Jones of Candlegrove, Warminster, said: "I had gone into the bushes with Betty, my girlfriend, for a few moments relaxation after visiting my children by my first wife. The moon was out and we both felt it was the right moment. So I propped up my motorbike with my artificial leg. I realise now that it was a foolish thing to do and could have caused a nasty accident if it had fallen over. But my first wife is very hot-tempered and I rarely get a chance to meet Betty alone."

EXPLAINING the incident to the press, Mr Stephen Mbugua said: "All business in the Banana Hill District Market came to a halt when it was discovered that Mr Lazarus Mukundi, a member of the Giukigu, a married man with three children, was not circumcised. A huge crowd took him to the St Francis Clinic and demanded that he be circumcised there and then. As the Shs200 circumcision fee was not acceptable to the St Francis surgical team, a further Shs600 was raised from the crowd and the operation went forward without further delay."

CHARLES Thompson of Trinity College, Cambridge, said: "I was in Rose Crescent when a man stole a watch from the window of Watches of Switzerland. After he had wounded a man who tried to arrest him, the crowd engulfed the thief like phagocytes on an alien body. Then Dr Proctor, who teaches mathematics, rode up on his bicycle. Grasping the situation in an instant, he called to his student, Mr Michael Ross, who had seen the entire incident from a nearby window 'Quick — call the police!' whereupon Mr Ross passed out his cordless telephone to Dr Proctor and said: 'Call them yourself.' "

DURING her interview, Mrs Brenda Roberts said: "I have not seen my husband since he went out for a hospital appointment. He was suffering from a weak heart, a brain haemorrhage, blood clots on the lungs and a trapped spinal nerve. The latest report from the police is that he may have gone to work in London as a bricklayer."

INFORMATION: Athens (Ohio) News 27.11.89; Yorkshire Post 19.2.90; Western Morning Herald 22.2.90; Nairobi Standard 8.1.90; Cambridge Weekly News 7.2.90; Birmingham Post 3.2.90.

MONITORS: K. Macinnes, Roger Dent, Ron & Heather Boswell, Deepan S. Shah, Susan Briscoe, Graham R. Ritchie.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

THE OXFORD BOOK OF BORES

by Frank Muir

Britain's leading humorologist takes a wry look at the cheque he has been given to compile an anthology of dull writing from Beowulf to Miles Kington, and decides that it shouldn't involve too much work. Seventeen years later he remembers that his deadline is approaching. He rings up all his friends and asks them: "Who's this fellow, Wheatcroft, who wants to marry my daughter?" *(Shurely "Have you any favourite humorous gems that ought to be included in this very important book?")*

Among the legendary passages Muir picks out are the famous tiddlywinks match from A.G. Harbottle's legendary *Dear Old England, Don't You Love It?*, the scene where Binkie loses his trousers in Jerome K. Coren's *Three Men Fast Asleep In The Garrick* and the immortal scene from Malcolm Lodgebury's *Thin Stuff* where the hero Kevin Nargleby pours lager into the Semiotics Faculty Computer.

"I do wish manufacturers would supply products with plugs already attached"

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill

Thank you for your commiserations. I had pinned a great deal on the Poll Tax Catastrophe That Never Was and I have only just returned to my senses following the Wake at the RAC where I was joined by Whitelaw and Onslow-Bagshott and we polished off everything the club possessed in the way of pre-phylloxera Embalming Fluid.

As you know the hope had been for an out and out disaster at the Local Elections, leading to a dignified resignation on the part of my better half. However thanks to that freckled knob-head Kinnock we are now practically back to square one, with little Bell full of good cheer and talking about a Perrier-style relaunch of the product, a full-scale zapping operation on poor Tarzan, in other words back in the slammer for the duration.

Baker came round, smarmy as ever, with the results, showing that apart from three London boroughs where palms had been pretty liberally greased, our side had lost hands down. "A triumph indeed, Prime Minister!" he beamed, running his fingers over his self-basting hair. "The pollsters have been confounded. They predicted a fifty-six per cent swing to the enemy; it is merely fifty-three per cent! I congratulate you, Leader, and more so because this will finally put an end to the hysteria among our rank and file calling for a new broom." "What do you mean, a new broom?" "Well, there has been a great deal of damaging talk about the Leadership Issue, which will now, I am sure, be silenced. Talk, Prime Minister, about your unsuitability to lead us into the next election. Many people, some of them quite senior people, have been saying that you are a spent force, a liability to the party and so forth. All this will now be revealed in the light of this victory, to have been hysterical and misguided. I refer, of course, to disloyal speculation that it might be time for you to step down and give way to someone less tarnished by recent events and better qualified to mobilise Tory support…"

"The Community Charge is here to stay, if that is what you mean," Margaret intervened, looking up from her Red Box. "The results in Ealing, Westminster and Wandsworth show that people have got the message: high-spending Labour Councils will be punished for their profligacy." "Quite so, quite so, Prime Minister, though naturally there have been disappointments, as at Bradford. But these ought not to revive wild surmise throughout the length and breadth of the country as to the possibility of your leaving us in July to devote yourself to your husband in his declining years…" As I myself was perusing with great interest an article in the Sunday Telegraph by that TV Johnny with the ballerina wife about how one ought to be able to shuffle off the mortal remains with a packet of sleepers, washed down perhaps with a massive overdose of electric soup, this dream rather went over my head, but Margaret continued to read her papers unheeding, and Baker bowed his way backwards out of the Presence, still muttering about speculation now mercifully allayed.

Our major social event of the season has been the arrival of Basil Bush's Number Two, a moon-faced buffoon by the name of J. Danforth Quayle, here to celebrate – would you believe? – the hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Eisenhower, as feeble an excuse to get rid of an embarrassing subordinate as ever I came across. It reminds me of the time Prosser-Cluff sent his wife back to Blighty to look up his family tree for the Burmah Magazine. J. Danforth appeared on our doorstep in a flicker of flashbulbs, accompanied by two bespectacled assistants carrying briefcases and a portable fax machine. "Mrs Thatcher," trilled the First Minder, "may I introduce J. Danforth Quayle, Vice President of the United States? Shake hands, Sir." There was a moment's pause while this idea registered in the Vice President's blue eyes, then he took my hand and said: "Guten Tag, Herr President! Did I get that right, Marvin?" I could tell from the expressions on the faces of this two attendants that this was not the best of starts, but within minutes he had identified the Boss, and was chatting naturally to her about the respective merits of his two ball-point pens, one of which you pressed, the other you screwed, he thought, in an anti-clockwise direction.

Marvin Troop did most of the talking over dinner, explaining the Vice-President's firmly-held views on German Reunification, and the importance of Great Britain playing a fearless role in support of United States policy in the Nato alliance. Danforth munched away through all this, explaining that he was "very careful about what he put in his body" and then, in a lull over the After-Eights, launched unsteadily on a few reflections of his own. "My understanding of the research material, Prime Minister, is that your lame duck role has been the subject of intense media speculation, suggesting that you may be um relinquishing your responsibilities in the foreseeable future, and we could be dealing with some Commie." I could see that Marvin and his friend were not happy men, and the conversation was rapidly brought back under their control. "What the Vice President is saying essentially, " intoned the second minder, Thackeray Golightly Jnr, "is that the US looks to you, Prime Minister, as the beacon of liberty, the most stable factor in the Western Alliance." At this, J. Danforth's jaw had visibly fallen, and he repeated the word "beaker" several times before turning to Marvin and saying "Hey, that's not what you guys told me on the plane."

How was your Bank Holiday? Maurice fell asleep in the sun at Huntercombe and his toupee melted.

Yours on the rooftop,

Denis

Kindred Spirits

Our popular feature about people who have something in common

This week: People who have empty pages of magazines to fill up quickly and very few ideas

Candida Shulman-Green *(Telegraph Magazine):*
"I usually find that on a Friday I'm desperate and I ring up a few friends to see if they've got anything in common. Last week they all wore green wellies. We had a fabulous picture of Jilly Cooper."

Deirdre Soames *(Sunday Independent):*
"I usually find that on a Thursday I'm a bit desperate, so I ring up a few friends to see if they've got anything in common. Last week it was men who don't wear pyjamas. We had this great picture of Colin Welch in a nightshirt."

Sally Peregrine-Soames *(Harpers & Tatler):*
"I usually find that by the end of the month I'm desperate for something to fill up the magazine. This month I've done a round-up of all the people who haven't got a camera. You'd be amazed at some of the people. Jilly Cooper, Colin Welch, Lord Longford. It is really interesting."

Meredith Eredith-Strangeways *(Vogue on Sunday):*
"Usually by Saturday one is a teeny bit pushed for an idea, but it's amazing how one always thinks of something in the end. Last time I thought we'd do people who wear sunglasses. Unfortunately only Sir Alec Douglas Home and Janet Street Porter were at home when I

rang, so we changed it to people who stay at home on Saturday afternoons. It was a brilliant piece."

Nicola Etherington-Lycett *(Living in the Country):*
"Usually on any day I'm really desperate, so I pick up a copy of the phone book and pick out some names at random. And you know what they have in common? No one's ever heard of them. It makes a brilliant feature. We had this amazing picture of the man who lives next to my aunt."

Joanna Lumley:
Not in this feature but here's her picture anyway, as usual.

New in the Eye

Yes, it's British Satellite Broadcasting rhyming slang!

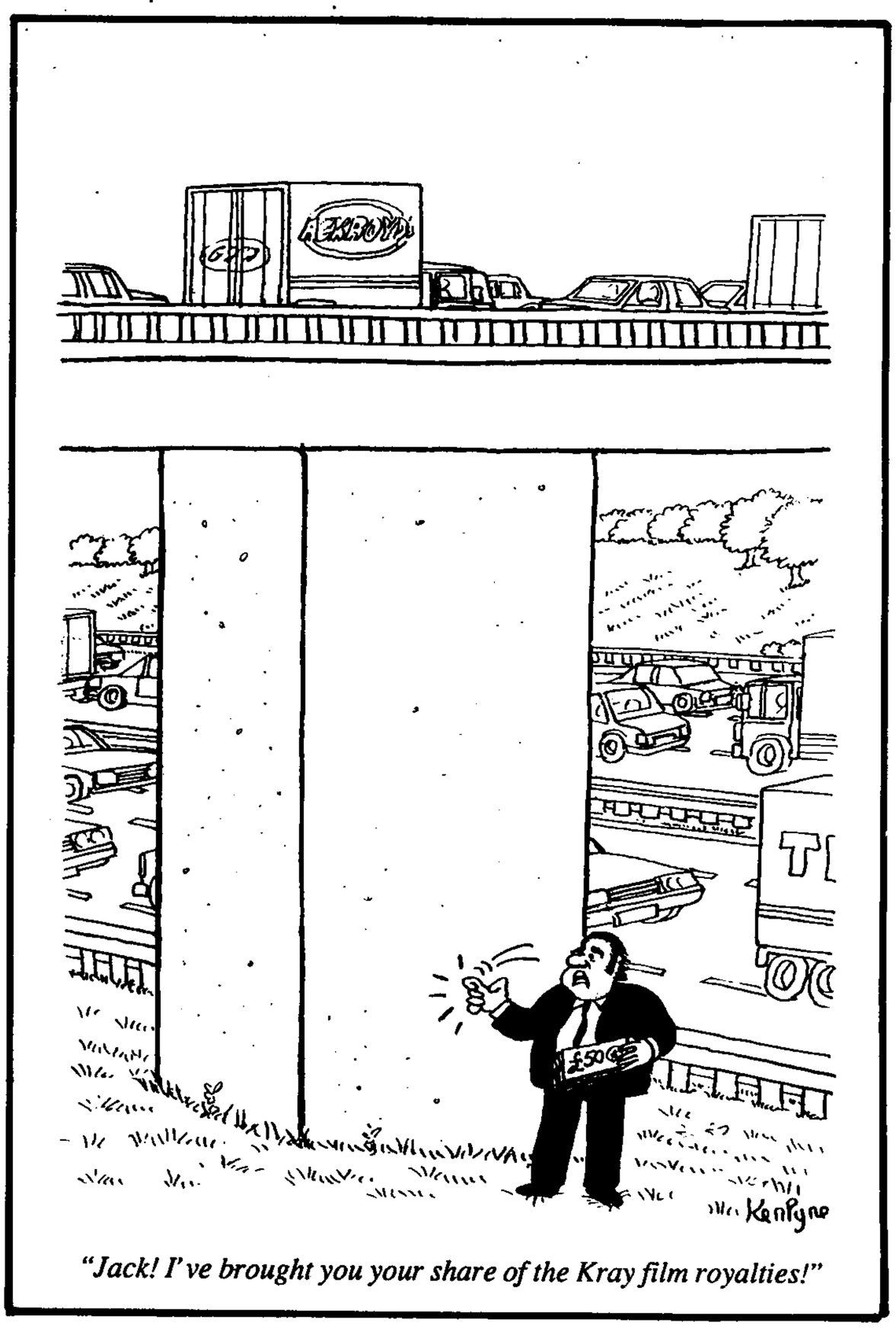
BSB	**Audience of three**
Anthony Simmonds-Gooding	**Bit of a pudding**
Absurd cost	**David Frost**
Robin Day	**Won't go away**
Turn it off	**Nina Myskow**
Selina Scott	**So what?**
Quality TV	**Repeats from BBC**
Five-channel	**Flannel**
Bound to fail	**Daily Mail**
Noel Gay	**Money thrown away**
Launch date	**Six months late**
Squariel	**Burial**
John Gau	**Ciao!**

(That's enough slang, Ed.)

HAREWOOD CHRISTIAN DISCUSSION GROUP

We shall be meeting on Wednesday 11th April when the subject will be "Heaven. How do we get there?" Transport is available at 7.55pm from the bus stop opposite the Harewood Arms. M Trickett

Collingham Parish Magazine



"Jack! I've brought you your share of the Kray film royalties!"

REPRINTED FROM ALL NEWSPAPERS

LABOUR UTTERLY SMASHED IN MOST HISTORIC TORY VICTORY EVER

by Our Political Staff **Peter Simply Terrible (A. Waugh)**

As the results of the local council elections trickled in last night one thing became overwhelmingly clear: Neil Kinnock had suffered his most humiliating defeat since he became Labour's leader.

Tories cheered as borough after borough fell to Labour and Conservative councillors up and down the country packed their bags.

"This is a great victory for all of us," said Party Chairman Kenneth Baker. "We have lost hundreds of seats overnight. This shows that the Poll Tax is hugely popular and so is the Prime Minister."

The defeated Neil Kinnock last night conceded victory to his opponents and could not conceal his disappointment.

"I am over the moon. We won hundreds of seats. We are on our way," he said.

John Cole writes:

Hondootedly Mossis Thotcher bonzo dog doodah band Crucial Breathing Space new kids on the block tupperware party spudulike semtex callanetics altarica nescafé aromatherapy Jewel in the Crown Brodford Wustmunster Wondsworth and Ayling. Star and garter Moster Michael Hesseltine Sutback to Hopes portofino findusthefisherman finisterrerockallhebrides light to moderate gusting force eight imminent Moichael Portillo Polltax Supremo nightmare on elm street jay macinnerny zadok the priest and nathan the prophet anointed tom driberg fellatio ignatieff violet bonham-carter Inflеetion Feers Latest Trade Figures Tory Jutters dave dee dozeybeakymickandtich *(continued page 94)*

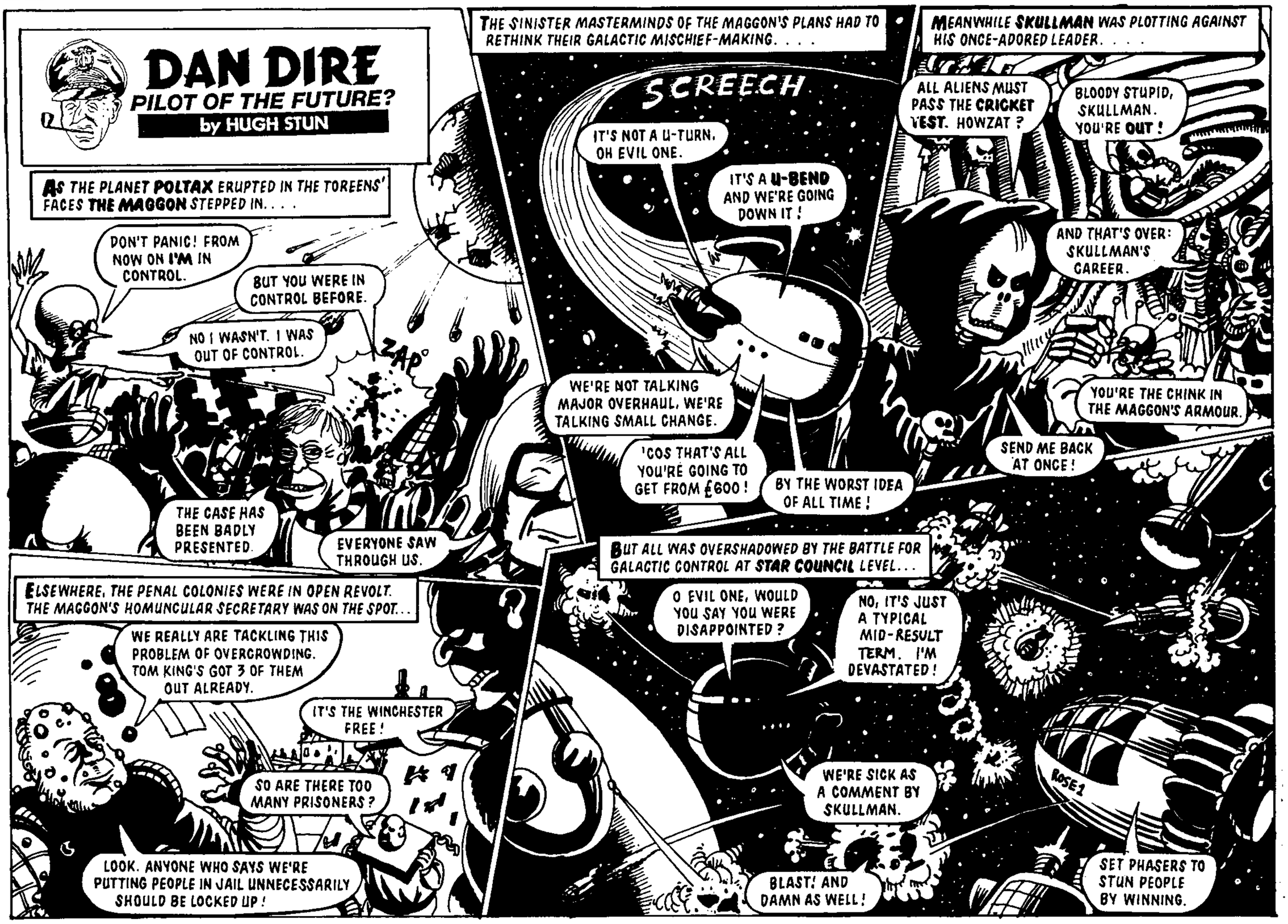
ON OTHER PAGES

■ **NAUGHTY pics from Robbie Coltrane's hilarious new film *Carry On Mother Superior* showing nude birds in a shower.**

■ **SHOULD The Three Graces be exported? Closeup pic of three nude birds in a shower.**

■ **TOPLESS beachwear fashions by Peregrine Worsthorne** *(reprinted from Sunday Telegraph).*

■ **PHEW! London sizzles! And birds take off their clothes! by Andreas Titham-Strobes** *(reprinted from Independent).*


DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
AS THE PLANET POLTAX ERUPTED IN THE TOREENS' FACES THE MAGGON STEPPED IN. . . .
DON'T PANIC! FROM NOW ON I'M IN CONTROL.
BUT YOU WERE IN CONTROL BEFORE.
NO I WASN'T. I WAS OUT OF CONTROL.
ZAP
THE CASE HAS BEEN BADLY PRESENTED.
EVERYONE SAW THROUGH US.
THE SINISTER MASTERMINDS OF THE MAGGON'S PLANS HAD TO RETHINK THEIR GALACTIC MISCHIEF-MAKING. . . .
SCREECH
IT'S NOT A U-TURN, OH EVIL ONE.
IT'S A U-BEND AND WE'RE GOING DOWN IT!
WE'RE NOT TALKING MAJOR OVERHAUL, WE'RE TALKING SMALL CHANGE.
'COS THAT'S ALL YOU'RE GOING TO GET FROM £600!
BY THE WORST IDEA OF ALL TIME!
MEANWHILE SKULLMAN WAS PLOTTING AGAINST HIS ONCE-ADORED LEADER. . . .
ALL ALIENS MUST PASS THE CRICKET VEST. HOWZAT?
BLOODY STUPID, SKULLMAN. YOU'RE OUT!
AND THAT'S OVER: SKULLMAN'S CAREER.
YOU'RE THE CHINK IN THE MAGGON'S ARMOUR.
SEND ME BACK AT ONCE!
BUT ALL WAS OVERSHADOWED BY THE BATTLE FOR GALACTIC CONTROL AT STAR COUNCIL LEVEL. . . .
O EVIL ONE, WOULD YOU SAY YOU WERE DISAPPOINTED?
NO, IT'S JUST A TYPICAL MID-RESULT TERM. I'M DEVASTATED!
ELSEWHERE, THE PENAL COLONIES WERE IN OPEN REVOLT. THE MAGGON'S HOMUNCULAR SECRETARY WAS ON THE SPOT. . . .
WE REALLY ARE TACKLING THIS PROBLEM OF OVERCROWDING. TOM KING'S GOT 3 OF THEM OUT ALREADY.
IT'S THE WINCHESTER FREE!
SO ARE THERE TOO MANY PRISONERS?
LOOK. ANYONE WHO SAYS WE'RE PUTTING PEOPLE IN JAIL UNNECESSARILY SHOULD BE LOCKED UP!
WE'RE SICK AS A COMMENT BY SKULLMAN.
BLAST! AND DAMN AS WELL!
ROSE 1
SET PHASERS TO STUN PEOPLE BY WINNING.

IN THE WEST END NOW

KING!

THE NEW MUSICAL

Starring Tom King as the former Northern Ireland Secretary, who has a dream that he will set his people free. He does so in the case of three Irishmen by mouthing off during their trial.

Songs include

Silence Is Golden

Winchester Crown Court (You're Bringin' Me Down)

Shaddap You Face

The Unlaughing Policeman

and many others

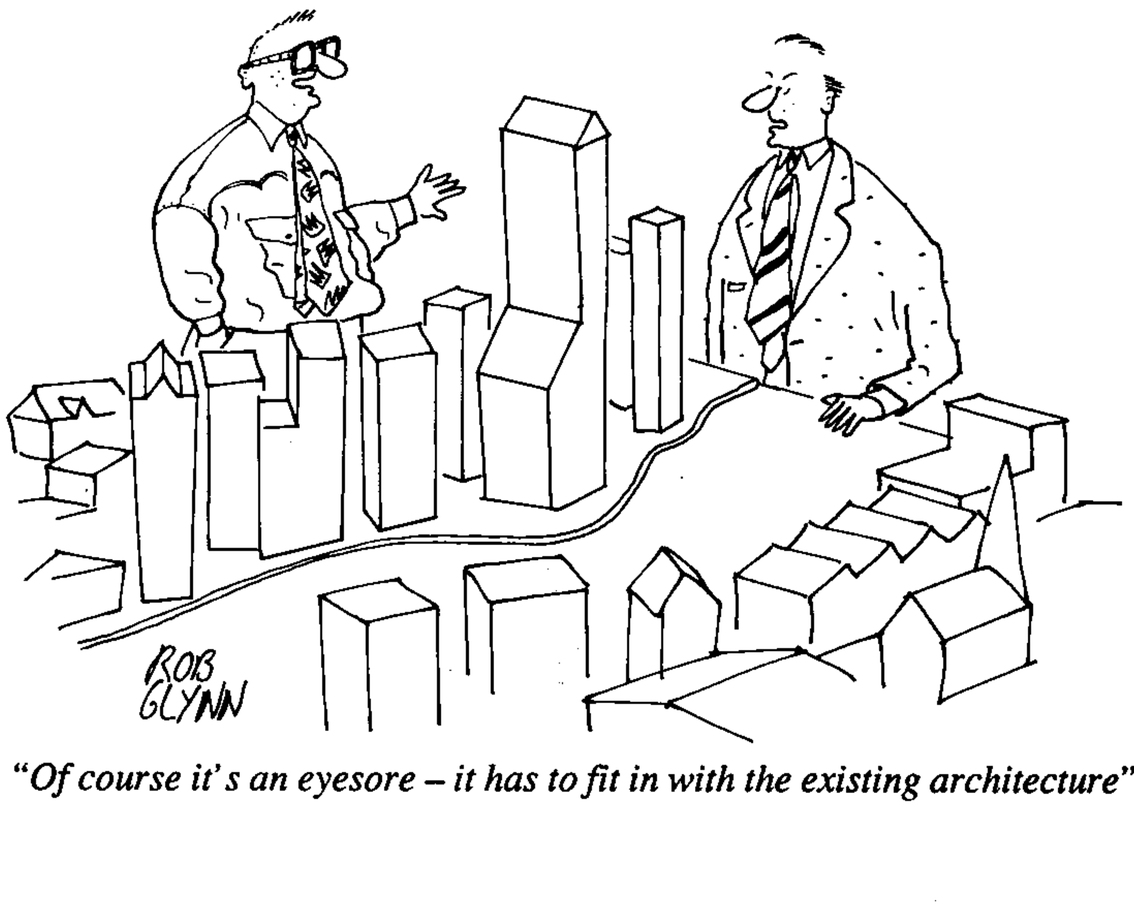
CAST

TOM KING . . . . . Tom Jones
MARTIN LUTHER KING . . . . . Nat King Cole
JOHN COLE . . . . . Cole Porter
JESSE JACKSON . . . . . Jessye Norman
BILLIE-JEAN KING . . . . . Mrs Tom King
THE KING . . . . . Elvis Presley
MAN IN AUDIENCE . . . . . Michael Frayn

Words and music by IRA Gershwin

Directed by Justice Swinton Thomas

MUST CLOSE MOUTH!!



"Of course it's an eyesore – it has to fit in with the existing architecture"

IS THIS THE MAN WHO PUT AN END TO CHARLIE WILSON?

The police have issued the above Photofit of the man they believe "got rid of" Charles Wilson, the legendary figure who masterminded the great raid on *The Times* newspaper.

Said Inspector Knacker: "We are confident that the picture bears a striking resemblance to the man seen leaving Wapping on the night in question.

"He has various aliases but is known to close associates simply as 'The Digger'. His whereabouts are unknown but there have been sightings of him in places as far apart as New York, Sydney and London."

Wilson was a well-known East End hardman who had come down from the Gorbals and stamped his own brand of brutal authority on the Wapping manor. He recruited such infamous names as Sheridan "The Sherry" Morley, "Sir" Clement Freud, "Big Al" Coren and heavies such as Griff Rhys Jones. *(Shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)*

It is still not clear what the motive might be for Wilson's sudden demise, but it is possible that gang warfare has broken out between the "Isle of Dogs Mob" and the so-called City Road Boys. It is widely known that over 200,000 in readers has been stolen from Wilson by the new Independent gang. This, many believe, could have precipitated the end of the man they called "The Editor".

The shock is still reverberating through Docklands and friends are already talking of revenge. Said one, who wished to remain anonymous: "Everyone loved Charlie. He was hard but fair. *The Times* will never be the same again. You don't know anyone who wants 1,000 words on Sky television do you?"

Simon Jenkins is 33.

Have you read

THE TIMES

lately?

Prepare to be surprised.

It's exactly the same.

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam
The 01- Dialling Code

So. Farewell
Then

01.

"Dial 01
For London."

Yes. That was
The Catchphrase.

"Dial 071 or
081 for
London."

No.
It does not
Have the same
Ring
To it.

E.J. Thribb (071½)

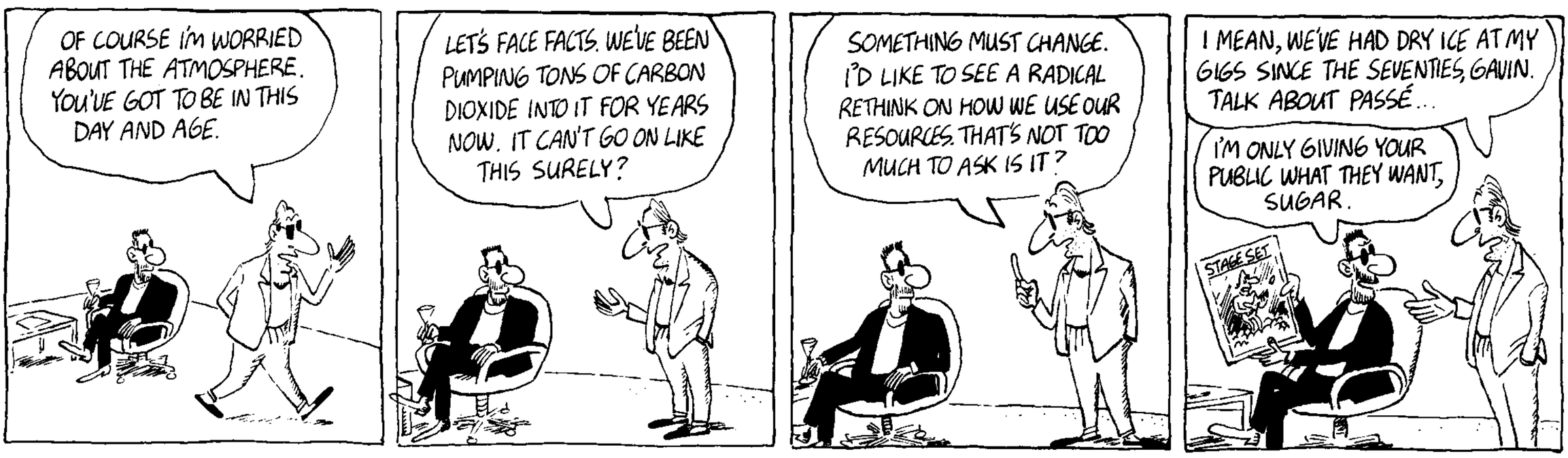
Great Bores Of Today.

"... we're 071 at least I'm pretty sure we are or is it 081? I know the phone in the bedroom is the same as the old one if you're ringing from my mother's she definitely is an 071 which presumably means that we're an 081 which means I can ring her direct without having to do the 081 thing at the front or is that the office? no wait a minute it's the 071s that you don't need to do that with because Marjorie is 071 which is odd really when you think that her neighbour is 081 anyway she doesn't have to change anything when she rings us provided that she's ringing here rather than the office I'm not sure about the fax I don't touch that I've never known the number but it must be the same system if you're 071 which would mean Marjorie could fax me on this number except that the fax is in the office and I don't think she's got a fax besides it's cost a fortune getting all the letterheads and notepaper and everything changed to 071 or is it 081? in the old days we used to be Terminus 3847 I don't know why they have to change it all anyway that Maureen Lipman does make me laugh..."

Plans for a new cricket pavilion at Coppid Hall Cricket Club, Binfield Heath, have been given the go-ahead by district councillors.

Phillimore Settled Estates will demolish the old pavilion and install a septic tank.

Henley Standard


OF COURSE I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE ATMOSPHERE. YOU'VE GOT TO BE IN THIS DAY AND AGE.
LET'S FACE FACTS. WE'VE BEEN PUMPING TONS OF CARBON DIOXIDE INTO IT FOR YEARS NOW. IT CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS SURELY?
SOMETHING MUST CHANGE. I'D LIKE TO SEE A RADICAL RETHINK ON HOW WE USE OUR RESOURCES. THAT'S NOT TOO MUCH TO ASK IS IT?
I MEAN, WE'VE HAD DRY ICE AT MY GIGS SINCE THE SEVENTIES, GAVIN. TALK ABOUT PASSÉ...
I'M ONLY GIVING YOUR PUBLIC WHAT THEY WANT, SUGAR.
STAGE SET

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: The Duke of Edinburgh is due to make an important speech, and Charles is helping him prepare...

Now read on...

"CAREFUL of the stairs, Pater," Charles warned his father as they climbed the rusty fire escape that led to the top floor of the Chalk Farm Multi-Racial Holistic Community Workshop.

"It really is... awfully good of you to come and see us," he continued. "It means an awful lot to some of these people. Without us sort of encouraging them they would feel as it were left out of things by the political chaps."

"Quite! Quite!" barked the old sea-dog wearing the full uniform of the Admiral of the Fleet, as he ducked to avoid knocking off his peaked cap on a low-hanging steel RSJ which bore the graffito BOLLOX TO THE POLL TAX. "Very important to keep an eye on the lower decks. See what they're up to," the old mariner commented as the two of them entered the cavernous interior of the former warehouse.

Charles led the Duke enthusiastically to the first unit, where a young dusky-skinned girl in a sari and woollen hat was busily putting what looked like grass cuttings into plastic bags.

"This is... er..." Charles looked hurriedly at the unit number and the name scrawled underneath. "Afsun Heathcote-Amery. She makes these wonderful thingies in... er..."

"How do you do?" the Duke cut in brusquely. "And what are you working on now?"

The girl looked up and laughed. "We are in the import-export business from the Third World. What you are seeing is high quality grass."

The Duke nodded approvingly. "You should come down to Sandringham. The lawn's in a shocking state. Keep up the good work."

He moved on, hands clasped behind his back, to the next unit. Charles was delighted by the way it was all going.

"Young people, you see, they're all concerned about the environment, the planet, they really sort of want to make a contribution."

The Duke listened carefully. He appeared to be taking it all in.

"Small businesses, you see, that's the key to it all. I've got this friend and sort of mentor, Sir Laurens van der Post..."

"Bloody conchie," the Duke murmured under his breath, not wishing to interrupt his son's flow.

"He said in this book he wrote, *The Businessmen of the Kalahari*, that 'Small is beautiful'. It's very true, if you think about it, very, very true."

"And what are you working on?" The Duke was addressing a slender youth with ginger hair and a wispy beard. His jeans were torn at the knee and he had a tattoo on his forehead of the SAS crest and it's well-known legend SHOOT TO KILL.

The youth looked at the Duke suspiciously. "I ain't done nothing. This is

Eric's stall, anyway. He's just gone out for a cup of tea..."

Charles looked perplexed. "I thought you were Eric?"

The young man's face brightened.

"Oh, it's you. I thought you was the law, what with him in his uniform and that."

The Duke picked up a car stereo from the pile and brushed off a piece of broken glass.

"You make these yourself, do you? How long have you been doing this? Do you enjoy your job? What are you working on now?"

But before Eric could answer, the Duke had already moved across to an open area where a man at a lathe was turning a steel tube that looked suspiciously like a rifle barrel. He was watched by a group of eager young apprentices wearing protective goggles.

"Stand easy," commanded the Royal Commodore. "Now what are you chaps up to here? How long have you been doing it? What are you working on now?"

"Er..." Charles vouchsafed on behalf of the tonguetied teenagers. "These are trainees in metalwork and this is... er... ex-Sergeant 'Scarface' Murphy, who was in Angola until quite recently. They are learning how to make these souvenir thingies for the foreign market."

The Duke glanced quizzically at the object on the lathe. "Looks like a Huntley & Palmer 2-Bore to me."

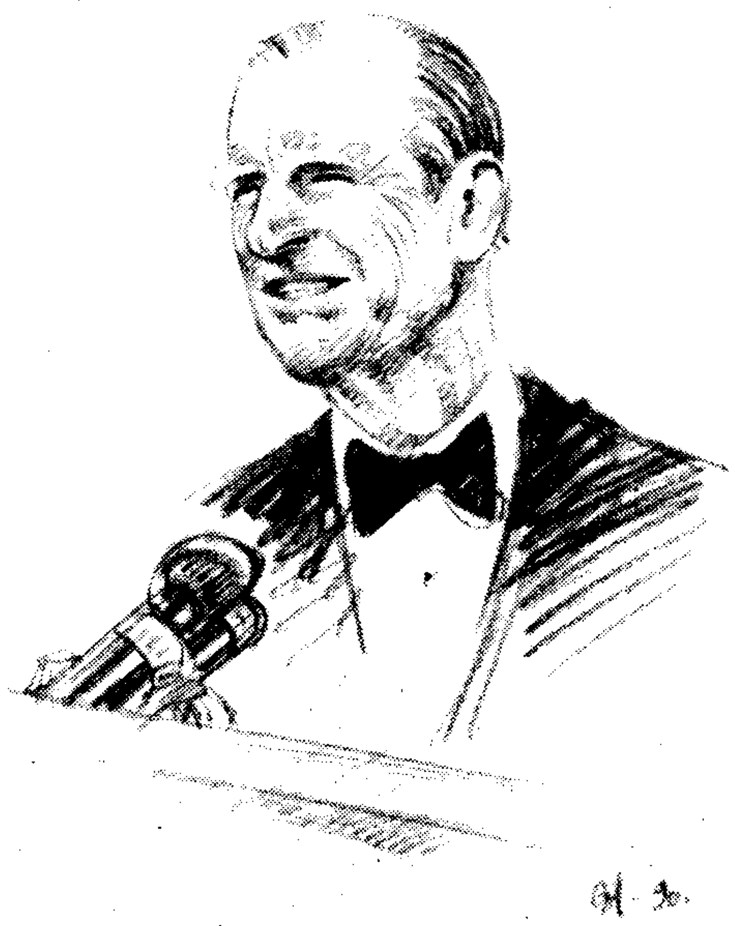
Charles was mortified.

"No, no, they're only replicas. There's a terrific demand for that sort of thing in America, Japan and so on."

The Duke's attention was suddenly distracted by a sweet smell emanating from behind the unit marked "Tibetan Herbal Joss-Sticks Ltd. Prop. Ahmed Leroy Wong".

"What's that whiff? They shouldn't be smoking cigarettes in here. The place will go up like a powder keg."

"It's only the joss-sticks, Pater. They're just doing some market re-



search. I'm sure that's all it is."

"I'll take your word for it." The Duke looked at his watch. "Well, time to go. I've got a speech to write and it's all been jolly interesting."

Charles escorted his father back to the staircase. "I'm so glad I could have been of some help..."

CHARLES switched on the television and reflected on how well the session with his father had gone. Eric had said afterwards that the Duke was "an OK geezer", which really said quite a lot in Eric's book. And there was the same "geezer", confident as ever, standing at a lectern at the International Confederated Business Association Dinner and Dance.

Charles nodded with pleasure as his father ranged over the need for less pollution, the preservation of the rainforest and the importance of environmental control. Charles felt a sense of pride that he had at last got through to his father.

"But the nigger in the woodpile, if one can say that without being strung up," boomed the Duke, suddenly bringing his speech to a conclusion, "is the great unwashed with their smelly hair lounging about sponging off anyone who's stupid enough to help them out. I've seen them myself. They're sweaty. They're dirty. And they wouldn't know what a day's work was if it came up and grabbed them by their unwashed throats. There's only one word for the lot of them. Appalling. Good night."

The Duke's words were drowned in a roar of approval as his audience rose, stamping their feet and applauding wildly.

Charles switched off the television and watched the screen go slowly blank.

To be continued

Why the Tories lost the council elections

That broadcast in full

(Nondescript couple seen sitting slumped over kitchen table)

HE: You read a lot about this poll tax. What exactly is it, do you reckon?

SHE: Well, for a start, its proper name is the Community Charge and I think it's a jolly good thing.

HE: But it says here that everyone's got to pay it. That can't be right.

SHE: It certainly isn't. Do you know how many people are actually going to have to pay? 23, that's all.

HE: Oh, that's not very many. But, surely, it's still unfair, isn't it?

SHE: No. In fact, it's the fairest tax ever invented.

HE: Anything you say, dear.

SHE: Take your boss. He pays his full community charge of £380...

HE: But that's what I pay.

SHE: Shut up. He not only pays that on all four of his houses in London, Berkshire, Perthshire and Antigua. He also has to pay a huge business rate, so as you can see, he'll be bankrupt and will be sent to prison, where he won't have to pay poll tax. Simple, isn't it?

HE: I'd never looked at it like that.

SHE: Of course you haven't, you stupid little man. You've never thought of anything in your life, except yourself. Self, self, self, that's all you've ever cared about.

HE: Don't you talk to me like that.

SHE: I'll say what I want.

HE: Not in my house, you won't, you silly old cow.

SHE: Since when has it been your house? I'm going home to mother's. I'm sick and tired of sitting here, being insulted by you...

(Enter Vicar through French windows)

VICAR: I'm not interrupting, am I?

VOICE OVER: If you would like to know more about the Conservative Party, you must be stark, staring mad. Vote Labour, you know it makes sense.

"Put 'em with the rest, then pop and fetch Inspector Morse out of the Lamb & Flag"

He's lively!
He's provocative!
He's 107!

Lord Denning writes

Well I never. They're having a go at judges again. It seems that every time someone is found guilty these days they're let out and the judge is blamed.

That would never have happened in olden times. People respected judges and their word was regarded as the law.

But now, no sooner has a learned judge done his job than a pack of journalists and busybodies, with no knowledge whatsoever of the facts of the case, are all shouting out that he's got it wrong.

And furthermore the judge has got no right of reply. Well, I ask you, that can't be right, can it?

You see that judge in the Appeal Court had the cheek to overturn a verdict against proven terrorists who were trying to blow up our respected Minister of Defence?

What an idiot.

Any fool could see from a mile off that those three were up to no good.

You see that judge in the Appeal Court had the cheek to attack me, old Tom Denning, for interfering with the course of justice?

I ask you, what is the world coming to — when a senior respected judge cannot make com-

ments in a respected national newspaper in the middle of a trial without being ticked off by some idiot in a wig?

Whatever next?

Now then, this so-called right of silence. If I exercised my right to silence, there would be nothing to put in this column!

I say that it is a sacred principle of the law, handed down since the days of the Magna Carta, that a columnist should have the right to say whatever he likes at any time.

And if he wants to criticise his fellow judges, then he has the absolute right so to do, whomsoever they may be.

That's all folks!

Thatcher lashes Red Square 'hooligans'

by Our Man in Moscow
Trevor Macdonald-Hamburger

The British Prime Minister today launched a scathing attack on the "criminal elements" who were responsible for the recent mass demonstrations against the Government which closed off Moscow for several hours.

"These people behaved disgracefully," said Mrs Thatcher. "They booed their elected leader and many of them shouted out deeply offensive slogans, such as 'Free Lithuania!' and 'Perestroika May Sound Alright But In Practice The Results Of The Policy So Far Leave A Good Deal To Be Desired — Namely Food'.

"These people are no better than anarchists. They represent nobody. Don't they realise that Mr Gorbachev has done more for freedom and democracy than anyone in the world, apart of course from myself?

"It was a day of shame for Russia when they had to endure on their television screens the sight of poor Mr Gorbachev being openly abused by these horrible people whose only interest in life seems to be the overthrow of Communism."

ADVERTISEMENT

New from Thatch!

Say Goodbye to nasty, unwanted Poll Tax smells

with amazing

Portillo

Recently developed by Grantham chemists, Portillo, in its attractively-styled new spray can, will completely remove the householder's worst enemy — **POLLTAX**.

Says mother-of-two and Supreme Ruler of the Universe, Mrs T: "I just love this new Portillo. I've tried everything else, but at last this wonderful breakthrough in polltax technology promises to solve all my problems. You just point him in the right direction and, hey presto, polltax is still there. *(Shurely shome mishtake, W.D.)"*

Portillo

Guaranteed Voter-Friendly and Idea-Free

AS SEEN ON TV, CONSTANTLY

HOW IT WILL LOOK!

LE EUROPEAN

No.1 WEEKEND MAY 11-13, 1990

EUROPE'S FIRST NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

Voila! Achtung! Good Evening!

'Ici nous sommes enfin,' dit proprietor Robert Maxwell

.

Greatest journal in monde launched

.

'Superbo!' sprach Kohl und Mitterrand

.

Von Nostra Uomo in Brussels ROBERTO DI MAXWELLESCU.

FAITES nein mistake. Dis ist di most fantastico journalistico trionfo in historia di mondi. So dit Herr Robert Maxwellsky, el gran fat idiot Britannique, qui a aujourd'hui launché in London le plus exciting weekly giornale ever seen.

"Le nouveau seminale blat ist printed in 74 colore, avec vorsprung durch technik mit state of the art presses fabriqués en Taiwan," sagt rédacteur-en-chef Roberti Möxwell (keine relation).

"L'European — c'est moi!" Señor R. Maxwell hails lui-même et son tremendously exciting neue ventura.

IN ALTRO PAGINE

Pourquoi, oh, pourquoi est-ce que mon ami Bob Maxwell est si wonderschön? says Jean-Paul Johnson ____ p.94
Importante Europeanos. Numero Uno: Guess who! ____ p.34
Cartoon non-amusanti par Jaki ____ p.18

TALES FROM UGANDA

Councillor Fred Thompson is willing to give a full illustrated talk on his recent visit to Uganda to any interested local clubs or societies.

Fred was a recent guest speaker at Sprotbrough Womens Institute where his talk was well received.

Spotborough Parish News

TV Highlights

Troubleshooter

BBC2 8.30pm.

Sir John Harvey Jones is The Troubleshooter. This week the former ICI chairman visits a west London business which has been run by the same powerful woman for over ten years.

Now it is suffering from acute paralysis and is in danger of collapsing.

Sir John's remedy is drastic.

"The board of management is full of second-raters who should have been shown the door years ago," says the moustachioed analyst. "But the problem is deeper than that. The product is one that people no longer want. It's out of date, inefficient and unpopular."

Sir John is equally harsh on the boss.

"She's got to go. She's been in the job too long and she can't

see that new ideas are needed. She is nowhere near ready for Europe and if she tries to hang on then the whole firm will go down with her."

NEXT WEEK: Sir John goes to Walworth Road and concludes that Neil Kinnock should take early retirement.

Another case for Perry Worsthorne

The case of the missing readers

ITV 7.45pm.

IN tonight's episode a famous Sunday newspaper loses all its readers overnight. The sinister Canadian-born proprietor calls in Perry Worsthorne and asks him where they've gone. As usual, Perry hasn't a clue.

CAST IN FULL

Perry Worsthorne
. . . . . Raymond Burr
Conrad Blackadder
. . . . . Rowan Atkinson
Frank Johnson . . . Paul Drake
Moira Fraser Della Street-Porter
Lord Hartwell . . . Alistair Sim
Max Hastings . Richard Wattis
Judge Leroy Davies
. . . . . Frank Bruno

THAT MITTERRAND-KOHL PLAN FOR EUROPEAN POLITICAL UNITY IN FULL

1. Annoy Thatch...
2. Er...
3. C'est ça.

World of Soccer

Knee Arrested in Dawn Swoop

by **E.I. EREWEGO,** Our Man In The All-Seater Stadium With A Copy Of *Sunday Sport* And A Meat Samosa

THE soccer world was rocked to its foundations when last Thursday PC Strangelove, or the odd copper as he is known, banged on the door of No. 57 Millets Drive, Neasden, and arrested an ashen-faced Ron Knee.

Knee, 59, was taken to the local magistrates' court where the tight-lipped soccer supremo was charged with bringing the game into disrepute by betting on his own side, Neasden FC, to win for the first time in the club's 105-year history.

Bloody Booker

It was alleged that on the morning of 21 January 1987, Mr Ronald Ferguson Knee, 59, did knowingly seek to conspire with Henry Aloysius Pooter, the then goalkeeper for Dollis Hill Football Club, to let in a number of goals, thus enabling Neasden to win. He then did further place a wager with turf accountant "Honest Jeff Bernard — The Wino's Friend" (the sum of £10 at 1,000,000-1) on a Neasden victory.

The court heard that, despite Pooter's willingness to connive with Knee, no ball ever reached the Dollis Hill goalmouth or indeed its environs in the entire 90 minutes of play and that at one point the under-employed Mr Pooter had gone for a drink in the nearby Tesco Arms Public House.

Booker Sacked?

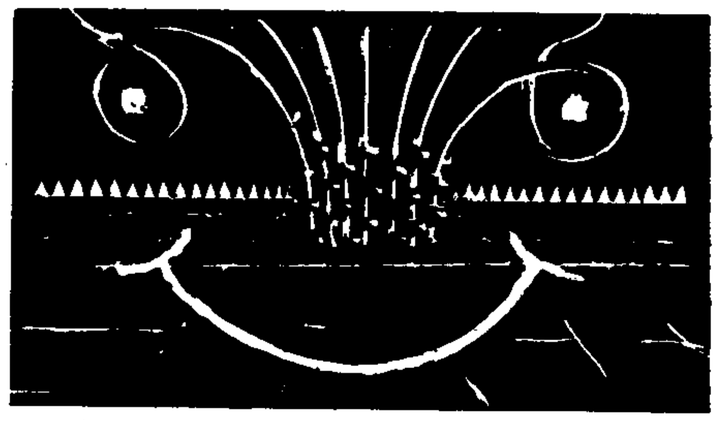
Magistrate Brigadier Buffy Cohen admonished Knee with the words: "Hello Ron, I'm going to let you off. Make sure that next time you let us in on it."

Brigadier Buffy Cohen is 93.

LATE SCORE

Neasden FC 0 — Dollis Hill 37
(V. Lansbergis 12, W Ellsworth-Jones 24, Pevsner 1 [o.g.])

DIARY



DR DAVID OWEN

The Thatcher government has suffered the most crushing defeat I can remember in all the years since I was Foreign Secretary. The people of this country have made it perfectly clear, for once and for all, that they simply will not be bossed into accepting such socially divisive legislation as the so-called "Community Charge" or "Poll Tax". Instead, they will turn at the next General Election, which cannot be many months away, to the firm but realistic policies of the Social Democratic Party or "SDP".

If I have been less in evidence over these past six months, it is because, to be perfectly frank, I have been devoting my energies to forming a workable, cohesive and forward-thinking cabinet for when the SDP take over the reins of office after our victory in the next election. I am glad to have been given this opportunity by the editor of this influential journal of announcing our forward-thinking and highly-skilled front bench team.

We welcome Mrs Rosie Barnes as Secretary of State for Arts, Employment, Trade and Industry, Health and Social Services, Education, Environment and Women's Issues, and I am delighted to say that she will also — an historic landmark — become the first ever female Chancellor of the Exchequer. To this end, she has been putting in a great many hours of practice with her purse these past few weeks, for which all right-thinking people must be grateful. Well done, Rosie.

To the onerous but fascinating position of Foreign Secretary — a post which I too once held with no small degree of success — combining with it the Secretaryships of Northern Ireland, Transport, Defence, Energy, Scotland, Wales and Agriculture, I have made the bold and exciting appointment of the one with the glasses.

I myself will devote myself to the duties of Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury, Minister for the Civil Service, Lord Chancellor, Home Secretary and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

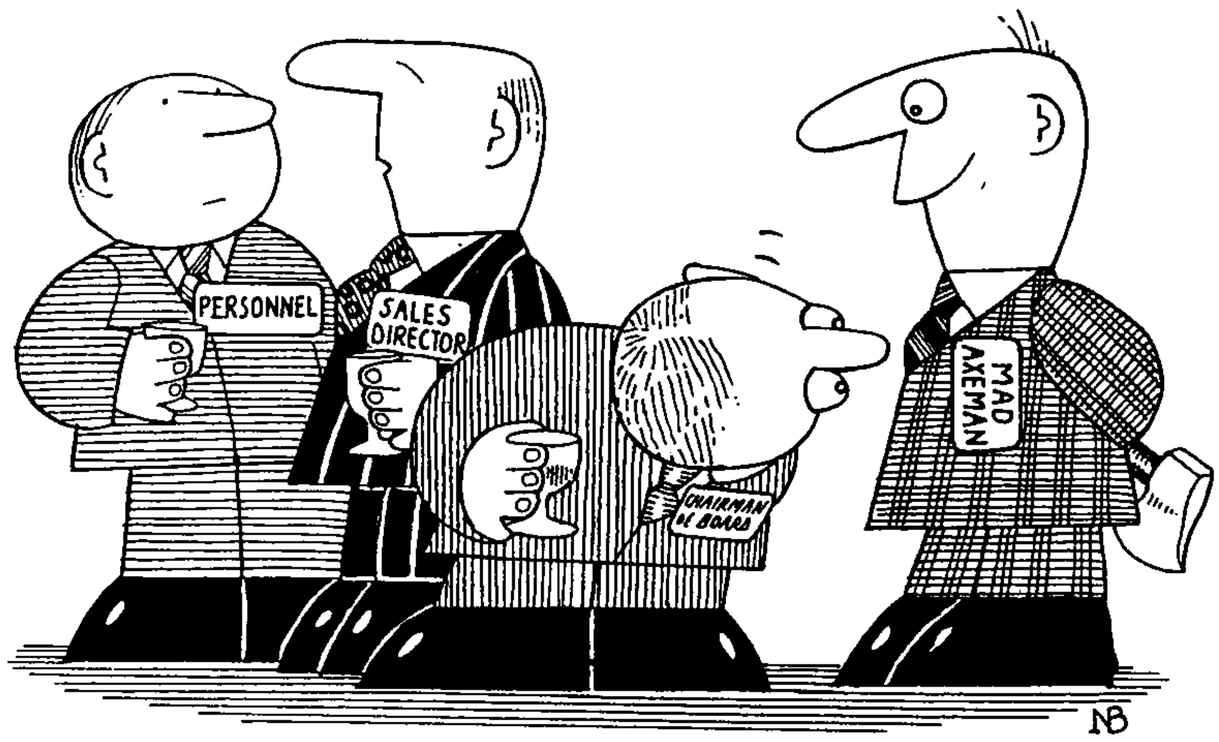
It's a winning team, with the widespread support of the great mass of ordinary people the length and breadth of the country.

Let there be no more talk of coalitions. The SDP has not been elected to Government in order to shilly-shally over the vital issues facing this country. For the past six weeks, I have been attempting to put a call through to the Leader of the Labour Party, a Mr Neil Kinnock, to tell him in the firmest possible terms that on no account will the SDP under my leadership be prepared to engage in any sort of deal, either before the next election or after. Tough talk, maybe, but I was elected Prime Minister to speak the truth, and speak the truth I will, so help me God. So far, Kinnock always seems to be in meetings, but when I get through to him, I will tell him, firmly and decisively: no deals.

Some ordinary people tell me that they have not seen me on television for a while. Not so, in fact quite the opposite, absolutely and without a shadow of a doubt. The truth of the matter is that I have been offered a lucrative deal by the powers-that-be on *Jackanory*, the influential young persons' television programme, and I have more than once appeared on *Points West*, the important magazine programme for the South West, for which I am also booked later this month for their pioneering "Where Are They Now?" slot. If this is what they call "not being on television", then I am not Prime Minister! Incidentally, since some of the less important TV shows — the News and suchlike — have shown less specific interest in me as of late (long ago I advised them that it was time to give Bush, Gorbachev and the Pope a turn) I have formulated my own SDP Satellite Television station, to keep all SDP members and their friends up-to-date with our very latest policy formulations, cabinet appointments, etcetera. This important new station is based in the main sitting-room of my house in Limehouse, East London, and it's designed to work independent of electricity or satellites or other often-faulty new technology. The SDP and our friends all gather in the sitting room, Rosie and Mr Rosie on one sofa, the one with glasses and his wife on the other sofa, Debbie and the children on the floor, and me kneeling down behind a television that has been specially hollowed-out for the purpose. This way, I can keep everyone in touch with my latest views on Gorbachev's next step, a solution to the Iran/Iraq war, the future of the EMS and every other vital issue of the day.

Talking of President Gorbachev, he has been experiencing the very greatest difficulty getting through to my office by telephone over the last couple of years. This accounts for the trouble he now finds himself in, through sheer lack of good, hard, advice. I make a point of staying in during the afternoons and I have told the operators to accept all calls from the Kremlin. I also have an answerphone with a clear and decisive message in both English and Russian. Extraordinary, then, that the Soviet telephone system is in such a poor state of repair that it cannot initiate a call from one President to another. Could there be any more savage indictment of Communism?

At a drinks party the other day, I enjoyed full and frank meetings with various VIPs from all parties, as well as a number of distinguished media commentators, among them Sir Robin Day. Hearing that they were tackling the problem of East/West relationships, a subject upon which, as a former Foreign Secretary, I have, I think, a good deal to offer, I butted in. "Might I step in at this juncture, gentlemen?", I said. "If I might offer you one or two pieces of —". At this point, Mr Roy Hattersley put out his hand saying he was gasping for a cheesy biscuit, while Messrs Hurd, Dimbleby and Healey all held out their glasses in my direction for a refill. "Don't pretend you don't remember me — I'm Dr David Owen, the Prime Minister," I told them in no uncertain terms. Later that day, on SDP/TV, I made it quite clear that I would countenance no coalition, under any circumstances, for as long as both other major parties continued to mistake me for the wine waiter.



Shots in the Dark
Rua 1° de Maio
There is only one canadian bar in Lagos, and this is it. They specialise in shooters and are famous for their blow-jobs.

Discover Lagos

The London Wildlife Trust is currently involved in a pilot study of birds in Hyde Park and will soon erect nest boxes to take up permanent residence.

London Weekly Times

MARKS AND SPENCER PLC
072 ISLINGTON

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TAGL.SERVES 1	1.25
CALAMARI IN BAT	1.99

Literary Review

McEwan's Expert

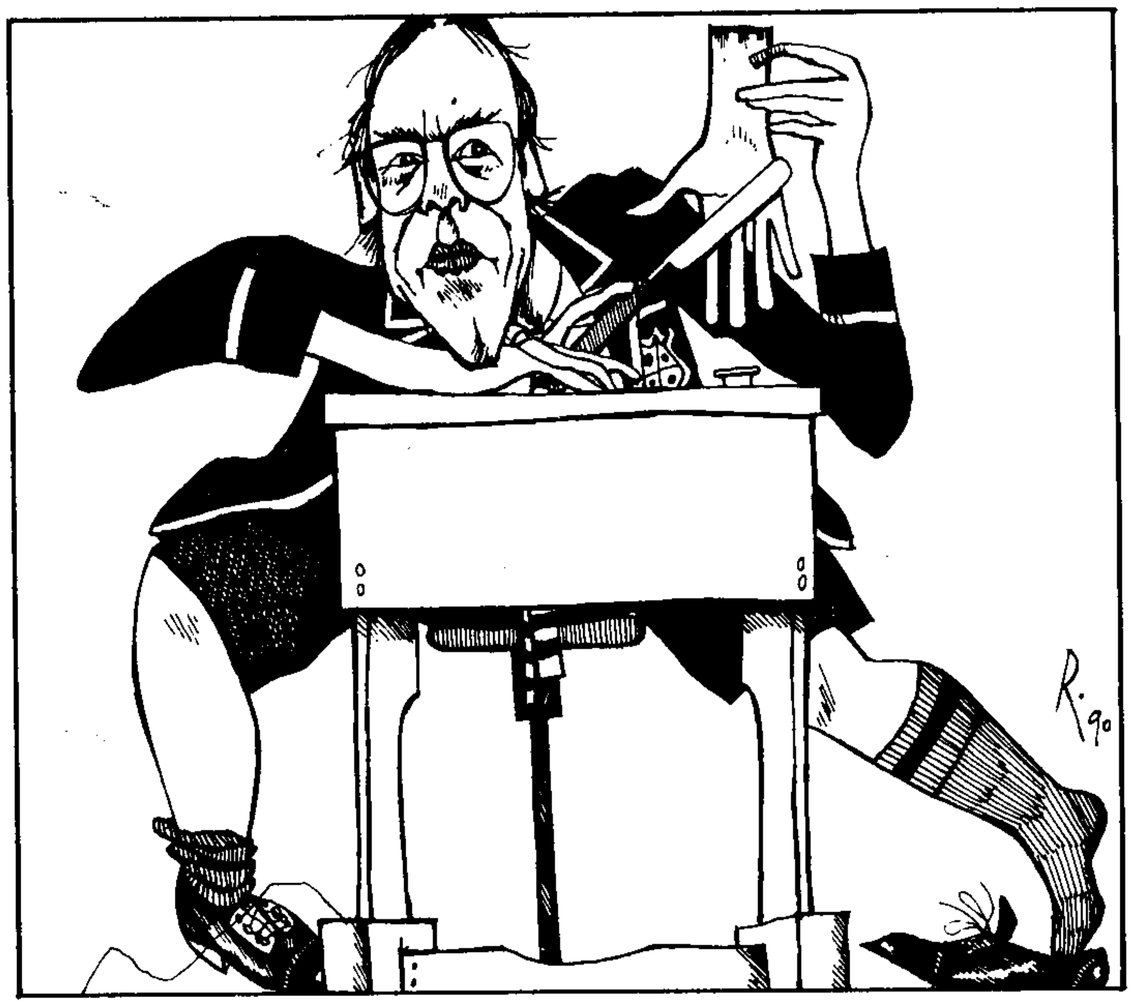
The Innocent
Ian McEwan
(Jonathan Cape £12.95)

"THE top half swung on its hinge of skin towards the floor, exposing the vivid mess of Otto's digestive tract, and pulling the bottom half with it. Both tipped to the floor and disgorged onto the carpet... Before he made his run for the bathroom he had an impression of liverish reds, glistening irregular tubing of a boiled egg bluish white, and something purple and black, all of it shiny and livid at the outrage of violated privacy, of secrets exposed."

"*Who wrote this?*" You can practically visualise the headmaster of the Academy of Modern Male British Fiction, one eye on the chalked blackboard behind him, turning to interrogate the idlers of the senior remove: "Take that expression off your face Amis mi... Stop giggling Barnes... No need to cry Wilson, nobody thinks it was you... And now if somebody would go and fetch McEwan from the bootroom, perhaps we might be able to get to the bottom of this..."

Ian McEwan's early works, the short stories collected in *First Love, Last Rites* and *In Between The Sheets* stuck like a steely dart into the torpid flesh of late '70s fiction. Grainy, intense, macabre, featuring a lemur-eyed collection of perverts and obsessives, invariably focused on the seamier side of human relationships, they were greeted with massed critical acclaim and enormous sales among that part of the reading public which likes "serious fiction" even more if it has lissome young lovelies on the jacket (the paperback covers were famously lubricious). The prudish tried to earmark McEwan as a pornographer, a sensationalist, a *misogynist*, which was — and is —entirely disingenuous; his chief concern is with gender and most of the more outrageous little numbers about incest and so on turn out to be send-ups of male attitudes to women.

Such a stance was not indefinitely sustainable. The '80s loomed and the *enfant terrible* tried hard to grow up. He did all the right things: he hooked himself onto the feminist bandwagon — should I say tumbrel — with *The Comfort of Strangers*, indicted the libretto for a CND oratorio, signed any amount of earnest petitions, and wrote one brilliant but flawed novel, *The Child in Time* (1987), a projection of Thatcherite England centring on a man's loss of his infant daughter. Now, three years later, along rolls *The Innocent* (for which Cape paid a quarter of a million pounds) whose chief conceit



involves a man toting two suitcases' worth of dismembered corpse around mid-1950s Berlin.

The plot can be briefly stated. Leonard Marnham, whose dissecting skills are revealed in the passage quoted, is a gauche 25 year-old telephone engineer ferried out to work on an Anglo-American surveillance project involving no time in cultivating a more personal attachment to the alluring Maria ("Your eyes are beautiful and all the time they are hidden. Has no-one told you how they are beautiful?") However, there are problems about Maria, just as there are to be problems about the 'phone-tapping — principally, her drunken ex-husband who conceals himself in the wardrobe one night and, when sprung, turns nasty. At which Leonard and Maria turn nasty, and, though it was patently self-defence, there remains the trifling problem about what to do with the body...

Like *The Child in Time*, this is a book of good bits and bad bits. The private, human interest bits — Leonard's relationship with Maria, his seduction, the waking nightmare of the death — are brilliantly done; there is perhaps no-one now writing in England who can convey such a convincing impression of how men behave towards women (n.b. especially the scene in which mild Leonard conceives that he ought to slap his mistress about a bit). The public, wider-world bits, the accounts of the 'phone-tapping, are fairly tedious, stuffed with dutiful detail and slackly written. The thrillerish gloss is grafted on and sits oddly with what has gone before. The drawback about Ian McEwan's writing is not, as some people allege, that he is humourless, or disagreeably obsessed, but simply that he is *uneven*. Here, as elsewhere in his fiction, the world beyond the bedroom door lies before you, splayed out and inert, curiously unrealised and (unlike the people within) undeflowered.

Books & Bookmen

☐ GILES GORDON, literary agent by appointment to royalty (i.e. the man who flogged *It Really Is Appalling* on behalf of HRH), has turned his talents to fiction. He is writing a novel about the ever-fascinating world of newspaper obituaries. Its title, originally enough, is *The Obituarists*.

So excited by this project is Ms Carmen Callil of Chatto & Windus that she was bought the book, unseen, for the preposterous sum of £50,000.

■ ONE OF THE most hard done by casualties in publishing at the moment is Tim Hailstone, until a few months ago managing director of W.H. Allen.

It was a condition of his golden handshake from Virgin's Richard Branson that he didn't let on for months that he'd gone and that ambitious sales director Barry Jafrato had succeeded to the chair. Authors were told the genial Hailstone was still around and there would be no further changes in the disintegrating publishing house in the hope that this would keep authors happy. In fact Jafrato, a man seen by few, has been "running" W.H. Allen for months.

☐ *WHY WAS John "Boy" Walsh, books editor of the Sunset Times, being breathily berated over the champagne flute at Naim Attallah's party for Elena Salvoni, maitresse d' of the expensive L'Escargot and for many years before goddess of Bianchi's?*

Johnny Boy was berated less because the Sunset Times had given the book a C-than that Walsh was one of the many ghostwriters who down the years had fallen by the wayside. It was, of course, the ghost who completed the course, Sandy Fawkes, who was doing the berating.

■ ANOTHER setback for eccentric Carmen Callil. Her protégé, Michael Holroyd, paid £625,000 by Carmen for his interminable biography of Bernard Shaw, has failed to deliver Volume III which will not now appear this autumn. Carmen, who amazingly printed 32,000 copies of Vol I, must now expect even lower sales for Vol III.

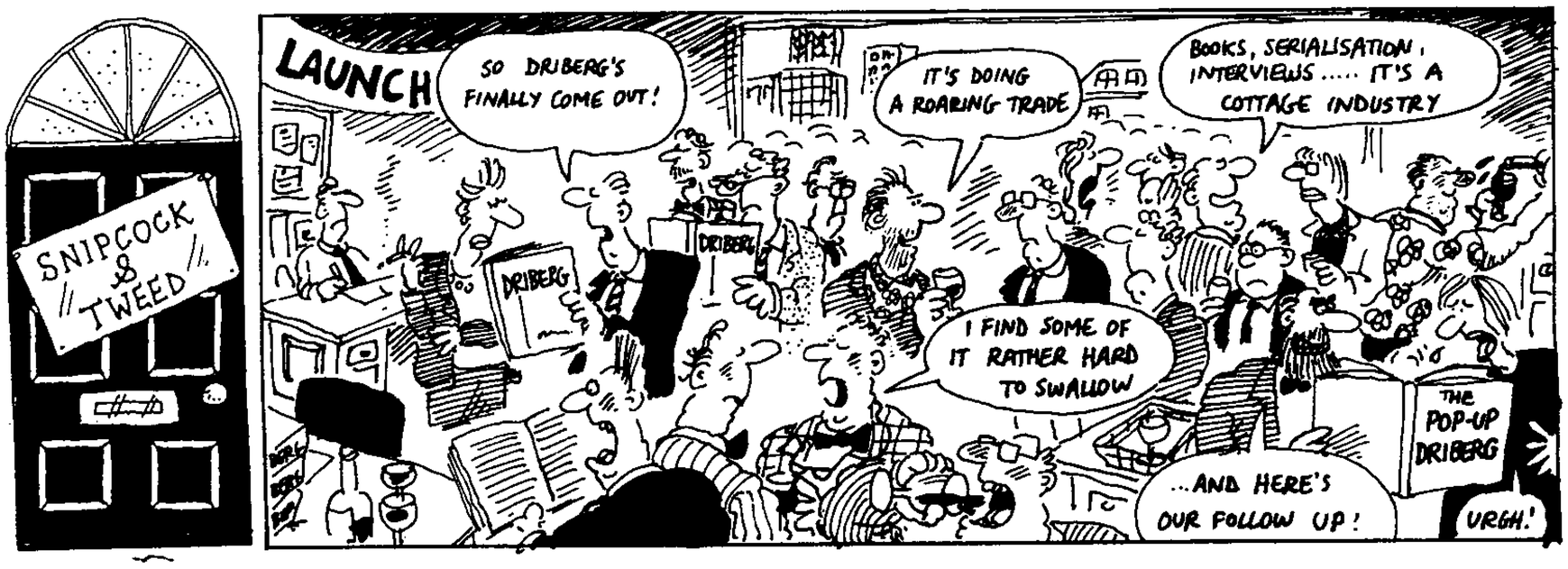
☐ *THE GRAND old publishing house of Heinemann, which recently marked its centenary with a party at Michelin House, is unlikely to be holding any more celebrations for some time. For it will shortly get a letter from the Treasury Solicitor demanding immediate payment of more than £3 million.*

This agreeable sum is the royalties from Peter Wright's loopy bestseller Spycatcher. Until now, Heinemann has managed to avoid paying the money back to the British government by claiming that Peter Wright's contract was only with Heinemann Australia Ltd, and that all the proceeds are therefore beyond Thatcher's jurisdiction.

The agent of nemesis is Spycatcher's ghost-writer Paul Greengrass. So grateful was Heinemann for his work on Wright's book that it commissioned him to write a thriller, and paid him a £20,000 instalment on his advance. After labouring long and hard, however, Greengrass reported sadly that he couldn't do it. Ian Irvine, the imbecilic accountant who now runs Heinemann (and is famous for hating authors), immediately demanded repayment of the £20,000.

This was a mistake. Greengrass took offence — not surprisingly, considering that he was responsible for Heinemann's biggest money-spinner of all time — and decided to tell the British government that he had several "interesting" documents they might care to see. These included a contract between Heinemann UK and Peter Wright — the very document whose existence Heinemann had always denied. Armed with this, Thatch is now able to demand that Heinemann hand over the loot.

Perhaps Irvine will treat his authors more civilly in future.



Electricity

Supply-side economics

THE MONETARIST professor chosen by the Government to run privatised electricity launched the operation last week amid glorious confusion. He produced an "annual report" even though he's only been in business three months and was asked about his statement that he would be responsible for "continuity of supply".

"I didn't say that," declared Stephen Littlechild, director- general of Electricity Supply Under Privatisation, at his public press conference. It was then gently pointed out that he had claimed exactly that on page 10 of his printed statement (on sale at an absurd £9.55p).

Littlechild then paused and added: "It is a man called Arthur, down at the Grid. The Grid accepts responsibility. It is really a matter for the National Grid to have the plant ready and to call on it. It is very explicitly their responsibility."

At National Grid HQ, there are a lot of puzzled engineers. Arthur is Arthur Fowkes, operations member of the board. He and his colleagues accept they have a duty to meet demand on an hour to hour basis, co-ordinating what they call system operation; but that just means pressing the right buttons. So far as capacity planning is concerned — making sure enough generating plant is built to meet demand — that is, they say happily, the responsibility of market forces as overseen by... Regulator Littlechild.

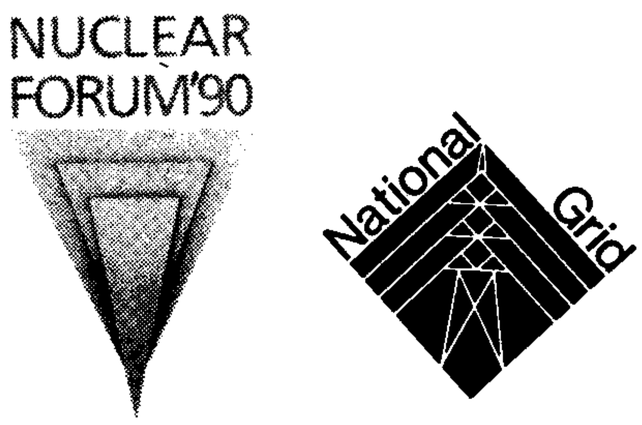
The monopolist Central Electricity Generating Board used to agree that its duty was to keep the lights burning. Once the Government said competition was to be permitted, the CEGB said it could no longer be held responsible and passed the honour to the area boards which will handle distribution.

They did not want this honour and argued that as they would have very little generating capacity of their own, they could not be held responsible. The matter was left in a grey area between the regulator and the grid.

If building power stations is left to the market, the new companies will want to build when the price of electricity is high. But if they do so, and supply becomes greater than demand, the price will drop and the people sitting in unwanted power stations will then try to close them down and use the sites for something useful — like casinos or theme parks.

Professor Littlechild has other problems. For him and his fellows at the Centre for Policy Studies which devised the scheme and sold it to Cecil Parkinson, the object was to open the industry to competition. It is not working out. The Association of Independent Electricity Producers, the very entrepreneurs for whom the scheme was intended, are enraged.

In a statement issued to the construction industry, they say: "The distribution companies (formerly the area boards) have been given monopoly supply rights to domestic and small industrial customers for between four and eight years. In return, National Power and PowerGen have been allowed to dump all their excess costs into this market, whilst delivering cheap power from written-down plant to larger industrial



customers. The prices which they can charge under these conditions are so low that independents cannot compete."

Also enraged are environmentalists who want renewable sources like windparks, tidal barrages and wave power stations developed. But John Wakeham, the energy secretary, has done a deal with Brussels designed to help nuclear power which, if it is not changed, could mean the promises made to the anti-pollution lobby will be invalidated.

It means that anything which takes longer than eight years to plan, build and repay its capital, is out.

Littlechild talks of gas turbines satisfying the growing demand for energy, even though supplies will run out within a few years; gas creates pollution from methane: and is forbidden by the EEC as a fuel to make electricity.

In this atmosphere it was not surprising to find James Capel, City advisers to the Government, expressing gloom about the prospects for the generating companies and talking of raising only £10 billion from the sale compared with fixed asset values for the industry of £35 billion.

Littlechild has already built up a quango of 180 people to oversee the privatised industry. But he won't be responsible, he says, when the lights go out. Anybody want to buy some shares?

International Miners' Organisation

The King and IMO...

THE *Eye* has obtained more fascinating details of the financial wizardry of Arthur Scargill, president-for-life of the National Union of Mineworkers, and his secret bank accounts (see *Eye* 739).

They cover questions that should be addressed by the "independent inquiry" set up by the NUM into its bizarre financial position and the now infamous cash-from-Libya allegations.

The inquiry should, for example, ask Scargill why he opened a bank account with £29,100 in Denmark in August 1984 under the name "A. Pickering", his deceased mother's maiden name. He did not mention this account when he addressed the NUM special executive in Sheffield on 9 March. Nor did he explain how he managed to have his personal life savings of £29,100 "mixed up" with the NUM's money in Dublin. On the instructions of Peter Heathfield, NUM general-secretary, this sum was returned to Scargill at his Sheffield HQ and the next day the £29,100 was sent to Denmark's Jyske Bank where three "A. Pickering" deposit accounts were opened.

An explanation might be relevant as to why "Pickering" asked for the interest to be sent to 14 Carver Lane, Sheffield — the headquarters of Oakedge Ltd, a company set up during the miners' strike to beat the sequestrators — as Scargill has told the NUM executive and Sheffield police that he knew nothing of Oakedge Ltd. The police claim to have written evidence that he and Heathfield did know about it. What is the truth of this?

Back in March Ken Homer, the NUM's Yorkshire area secretary, told a miners' rally Scargill would be vindicated by the inquiry.

Along with Johnny Burrows (Derbyshire) and Roger Windsor (former NUM chief executive), Homer was a trustee of the Mineworkers' Trust, another organisation set up to outwit the sequestrators. (Headquarters: 14 Carver Lane, Sheffield.) Scargill persuaded Homer, Windsor, and Burrows to hand over the assets of the Mineworkers' Trust to his own International Miners' Organisation, but Homer has yet to explain why he and fellow trustees allowed Scargill to use £8,000 of the money donated to this miners' strike fund by NUPE to buy a small piece of land for the trust. That land now forms part of the NUM car park and was bought at an auction by the NUM's former architect, Malcolm Lister.

When Jimmy Knapp's generosity with his members' money started to leak out (the National Union of Railwaymen lent the miners £300,000) Knapp was desperate to get his money back. Scargill told Homer and colleagues he would only part with the £300,000 if the assets of the Mineworkers' Trust were handed over to the IMO. By then the land was worth £25,000, making a nice profit for the IMO which by now had enjoyed almost four years' interest on the NUR's £300,000.

When Jimmy Knapp finally got his union's money back, the IMO cheque was signed "A. Scargill".

The NUM car park cannot now be developed without the permission of the IMO — President: A. Scargill — which owns part of the land. Scargill is now trying to sell a portion of land adjacent to NUM headquarters for around £1,000,000.

Meanwhile Sheffield City Council, which gave Scargill freehold land previously leasehold, wants a £300,000 grant back — cash given to the union when it moved from London to Sheffield in 1983.

The grant was paid on the understanding that the NUM would be open to the public and would have conference and library facilities (provided by the Mineworkers' Trust). None of these has been provided.

The inquiry has quite a muddle to sort out.

...Nile work if you can get it

AS THE chill of a British autumn turned to winter late last October, an unusual miners' delegation left these climes for sunny Egypt. The destination was Cairo and the Congress of the mysterious International Miners' Organisation (see *Eye* 739).

The IMO's president/cheque signatory/trustee is, as *Eye* readers know, Arthur Scargill. The delegation consisted of him, his wife Anne, National Union of Mineworkers general secretary Peter Heathfield, Sue Rolstone, Heathfield's new *inamorata*, Margaret Fellows, NUM administrator, and Ms Jean McCrindle, lecturer at the Northern College, Barnsley, left-wing Labour groupie and former treasurer of Women Against Pit Closures.

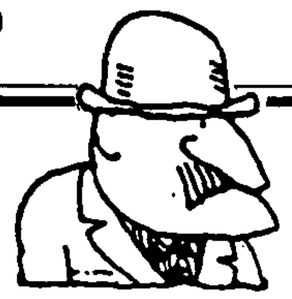
The congress is as mysterious as the IMO itself.

Where, for instance, was it held? None of the big hotels in Egypt hosted it; there was no press release prior, during or after the week-long congress; and the British authorities in Egypt were unaware it was being held. Even Scargill's press officer, Nell Myers, said she didn't know where Scargill was in Cairo.

No miner in Britain has yet seen any report or accounts for the International Miners' Organisation, founded on 21 September 1985, even though the national executive of Britain's NUM is affiliated to the IMO and paid it £18,200 in affiliation fees in 1988.

Further, no NUM-sponsored MP has seen any report or accounts for the IMO; and nor has any member of the NUM's finance and general purposes committee. Nobody knows who the accountants and/or auditors are of the Paris-based body.

The IMO's secretary-general is Scargill's French Communist associate Alain Simon, who accompanies him on most IMO foreign trips. IMO headquarters are in a slum in Paris and the organisation is so hard up it recently made its journal editor, freelance Geoff Apter, redundant. It is not so hard up, however, that Simon and Scargill have to stop travelling the world with their IMO Amex gold cards or that it draws on money in bank accounts all over Europe — in Dublin, Sheffield, Paris, Poland, Austria, Hungary and Cyprus.



In the City

WHILE Roland Franklin's one-time client, sometime saviour and long-time employer Sir James Goldsmith hides away in the Far East and counts the cost in cash and loss of face in not unbundling BAT (corporate bullies, it seems, only hold televised press conferences to announce their latest "mugging" — not to explain a beating), Franklin has been quietly taking care of the business of dismembering DRG. The former failed banker paid £697 million last year for the packaging and paper group. Some City analysts felt that Franklin had paid too much. But thanks, it seems, to a neat tax loophole, he could be able to walk away not just with a tax free profit but a valuable tax break too on the massive borrowings that made the bid possible.

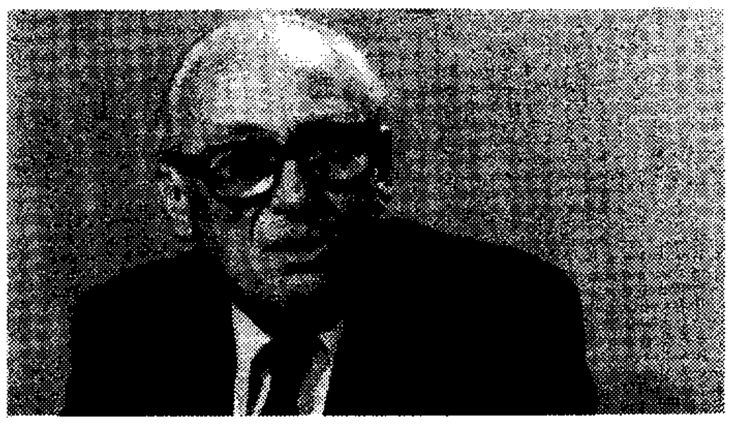
At the time of the bid last autumn, Franklin hinted that his offshore Pembridge Investments' edge was the "upstream scheme" it intended to deploy in order legally to avoid capital gains tax on realising the parts of DRG it intended to sell off to repay debt and make its profit. Just how that would work he did not say and the City was left to guess. Now the Inland Revenue has found out, but possibly too late to prevent Franklin and Pembridge escaping with the tax free loot.

The DRG "upstream" tax scheme is seemingly modelled on a successful device employed by Hanson Trust — another Revenue favourite — on its US acquisitions. That loophole has now been closed by the Internal Revenue Service, but its possibilities in Britain had not been spotted by the taxman here.

The scheme goes down something like this: each DRG subsidiary that is to be sold is put into liquidation; its assets are then transferred on liquidation to a new company; both old and new companies are controlled by Pembridge which is a non-resident company; Pembridge capitalises the new company at a value approaching the relative percentage of the total price paid for DRG represented by the old DRG subsidiary: the new company, now owning the old DRG subsidiary's assets, is sold at a profit on that post-bid valuation.

The name of the "upstream" game is to avoid the potentially great capital gains tax liability at 35 per cent which would be created if the old DRG subsidiary were sold directly. In that case, the taxable profit would be the likely considerable difference between the almost certainly low historical cost of the subsidiary in the DRG books and the price realised by Pembridge. By switching the assets into NEWCO the taxable profit becomes merely the difference between the suitably padded investment in NEWCO and the sale price.

What Franklin and Pembridge have exploited is that whereas a transfer of valuable assets between



HELPFUL: Nicholas Ridley, who waved through the raid on the Sellotape/Basildon Bond

OLDCO and NEWCO would normally be taxed as an inter-group transaction if the former were controlled by the latter, there is no tax liability on a transfer of assets on liquidation. Furthermore, there is no tax liability when one company is not controlled by the other but they simply share a common offshore parent.

Such transfers of assets do, however, require Inland Revenue consent. But it seems Pembridge sought and obtained its permissions at a time, possibly around Christmas, when the Revenue eye was not so beadily on the tax ball. As a result, it looks like it could be home free with clever Roland Franklin and his backers looking to walk away with maybe up to a £100 million tax free profit thanks to the taxman, a loophole in the law and the help of trade secretary and free marketeer Nicholas Ridley who waved through the bitterly contested corporate raid on the Sellotape/Basildon Bond group.

Nor does the taxman's largesse necessarily end there. It is anticipated that once all the DRG subsidiaries to be sold have found NEWCO homes — likely already to be the case as the sell-off started in March — then Pembridge, a Bermuda company, may volunteer to become UK resident for tax purposes. This way it would be able to claim tax relief on its interest payments of £1 million-plus a week. Result: the old one-two for the taxman and millions more in the offshore bank accounts of Roland and friends.

No doubt a similar legal tax avoidance "upstream" scheme might have been worked on BAT had Goldsmith and his fellow courageous predators Lord Jacob Rothschild and Kerry Packer succeeded with their bid through Hoylake, also a Bermuda company. A similar avoidance scheme could yet be utilised if the unlovely trio try to save face and bid for Rank Hovis McDougall through their other offshore vehicle Sunningdale. That is if the Revenue or the Treasury don't wake up and close the loophole.

NONE other than the failed Great Unbundler's own US lawyers feel the Goldsmith position on BAT was damaged in the eyes of US insurance regulators once opened by the insights provided in *Eye* 711 into the parts of Goldsmith's business history his press acolytes do not reach. Happy to be of service.

MEANWHILE, it seems that when not engaged in asset-stripping, to give "unbundling" its real, bad name, Goldsmith has been trying to steady the morale of poll shocked Tory troops. The lunch with *Telegraph* owner Conrad Black urging him to rally to the floundering Thatcher cause is rumoured to be but one example of the Anglo-French financier (his empire is controlled through Liechtenstein and his home in a Mexican Xanadu) lobbying the suspected Tory less-than-faithful on what is good for Britain. Could it be the Goldsmith eye is on the rumoured Wilson peerage already so cruelly downgraded at the last minute to a knighthood as a result of the intervention of those who were less impressed?

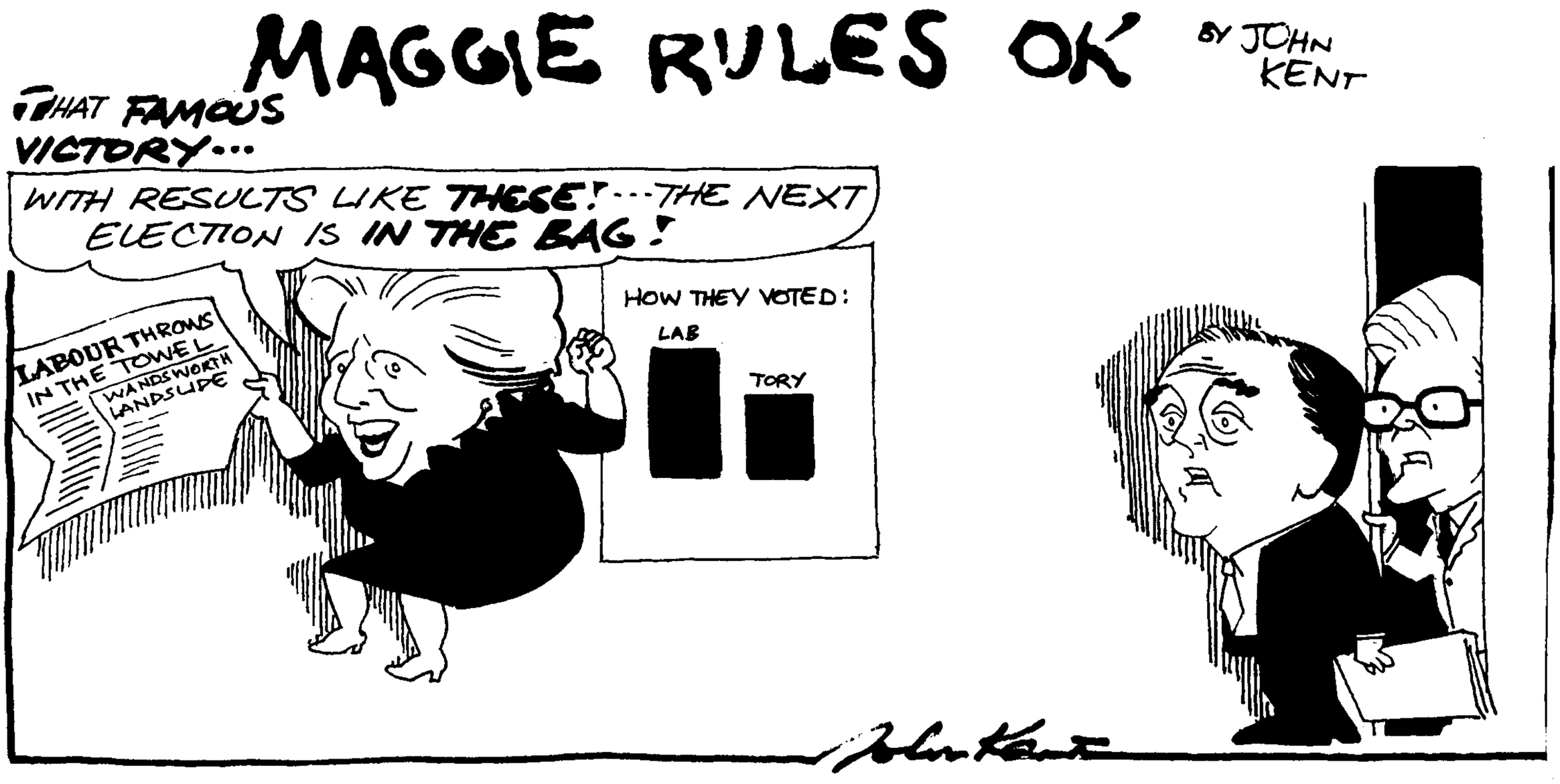
THE COLLAPSE within the same week of the Savings & Investment Bank trial in the Isle of Man (no surprise to *Eye* readers) and that of corrupt Jersey bank official Derek Foster at Southwark Crown Court because of the delay in bringing both to court is another triumph for justice, offshore-style. The reason for the long delays — both cases go back to 1982 — was the refusal for years of the authorities in the Isle of Man and Jersey to prosecute.

Even intervention from the then attorney-general Sir Michael Havers failed to get Jersey to stop blocking an investigation of Foster and his Dutch bank account. With the Isle of Man and SIB it is clear what they had to hide — the so-called Manx regulators' gross negligence and incompetence. But what was Jersey hiding about Foster, whose former employers Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank were only too hot to trot?

Last year Foster pleaded guilty and was fined a derisory £45,000 for taking a bribe. The five years it took to get an arrest persuaded the bank to seek action in Britain over another, larger bribe but not until it was too late even though, as Judge Mota Singh declared, there was a case to answer.

In such squalid cesspits of self-interest as the Isle of Man and Jersey, justice is clearly not only blind, deaf and dumb. It is also dead.

'Slicker'



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WARM, AMUSING, unattached 41 year old man seeks intelligent, attractive woman, 25-40 for loving relationship. Interests: food, music, theatre, foreign travel, etc. Photo please. Hants. Box 6341.

GORGEOUS, SENSUAL career woman 24 needs sexy intelligent enigmatic man 26-32 for passion and friendship. Photo please. Box 6441.

LIKEABLE, PROFESSIONAL chap (31) sporty but cultured in need of smart, friendly, female company. Newcastle/anywhere. Box 6541.

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LONDON-BASED professional man (29) with sense of humour and varied conversational topics seeks intelligent, outgoing, independent and communicative female. Enjoys walks, meals, chatting and days out to escape from life's routines and usual commitments. Personality counts most but a photo would be appreciated. Tell me about yourself. Box 7341.

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MALE, 49, tall, fair, attached, seeks warm, feminine lady, perhaps in same circumstances, for permanent, discreet affair. South East, or any area if you are special. Box 7541.

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DESPERATE VIRGIN male (19), student, seeking similar female to love. Enjoys books, theatre, music, travel. London/South East. Photo appreciated. Box 7941.

LYRICIST, 28, seeks a friendly lady to get more inspirations. Friendship is more important than age and physical looking. London/surrounding. Box 8041.

TAME THE SHREW! Dangerously intelligent, stunning young lady wants taking in hand by adventurous man (30ish) with powerful personality and huge sense of humour. Ben Elton clone ideal. Surrey. Box 8241.

ROMANTIC MAN, psychologist, Aries, young 37, new to North-east, seeks beautiful, warm-hearted soulmate. Photo appreciated. Box 8341.

LADY, almost 40, graduate, string-quartet-holic, seeks literate, witerate, companionable man. SW London. Box 8441.

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EX-TV DIRECTOR, 50, living in trendy leafy London suburb, 20 mins from West End by train, is looking for lady live-in housekeeper/companion only light duties. Sense of humour and tolerance of tobacco essential. No wages as such, but wining, dining, use of car, all mod cons and more thrown in. Box 9541.

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CARING, affectionate man, 35, slim, successful, herpes survivor, seeks intelligent, slim, very attractive female counterpart who is equally at home in high heels or Wellingtons, to share enjoyment of the countryside, travel, animals and fast cars. Photo exchange essential, total confidentiality expected and guaranteed. Surrey/London. Box 12141.

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SINGLE, MALE, workaholic, 30. Left-ish, into arts, sport, fun. Friends married or chasing big bucks. Seeks attractive, articulate lady for friendship, possible relationship. West Yorkshire. Box 9741.

NON-SEXIST dominant man. Perceptive, imaginative, reliable, firm. Seeks woman companion for exploration of new territory. Let's square the circle together. London/Brighton. Box 12741.

VERY ATTRACTIVE continental man, 39, slim, athletic, well spoken, affluent, seeks discreet, uncomplicated relationship with beautiful, sensual lady in the London area. Nationality and status not relevant but beauty and discretion is. Letter, photo please. Box 10840.

ATTRACTIVE, stylish, caring bubbly separated lady, 35, loves the arts, seeks similar male for fun-loving relationship, not marriage. East Midlands area. Box 11541.

WOMAN, 31, graduate, professional, dark hair, blue eyes, adventurous, humorous, warm, straightforward, would like to meet compatible male (possibly Irish background?) for friendship initially. London/Sussex. Box 11641.

I HAVE: genuine good looks and physique; no hangups; a sense of fun; no murky past; a job which has been syphoning off my time. I NEED: a woman with all the above except perhaps the last. Decent letter and photo guarantees reply. Avon area. Box 11741.

UNEXPECTEDLY REAVAILABLE, tall, slim 1944 model, very reliable. Seeks non-smoking, unattached male, willing to love and cherish. Box 11841.

I'M 36, I've got the looks and the gift of the gab, but haven't got the right man to rabbit on to. Under 45, a photo, in Southern England. Box 11941.

Box numbers are for privacy. If you don't want your address to appear pay £6 extra and we will allocate a box number to your ad. Your replies will be posted to us and we will forward them to you privately.

VENICE? WHY NOT? Nice looking 5'10" English-French professional, London-Paris-Geneva, affluent but lonely, humorous but sensitive, cultured by untypical, addicted to travel for business and pleasure (archaeology to sailing), seeks as body/soulmate gorgeous female 20-36, tall and busty, educated, imaginative and affectionate, ready for real change. Past life, social status irrelevant. All arrangements considered — if relationship successful, relocation to Continent essential. Letter and photos please. Box 9842.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 52, seeks naughty but nice lady who enjoys wearing suspenders and stockings. Meet for lunch in London West End. Photo and phone number please. Box 9941.

QUASIMODO (30's), affluent, N.Yorks. Seeks Esmeralda, preferably N/S for Oktoberfest in Vienna on "The Train". Photo with application secures reply. Box 10041.

GOOD-LOOKING, vivacious, professional, divorced lady (36) in need of handsome, witty, unattached solvent male. London/Surrey/Sussex. Photo appreciated. Box 10141.

HEALTHY English gentleman with own hinterland eyrie, overlooking The Gold Coast, Australia's premier resort. Independent means, slim, enjoys music (Cleo to Pavarotti!), good cuisine, dancing (not nightclubs) aged 52. What independent lady non-smoker with lively sense of humour will reply? All letters answered, photos returned. Box 10241.

LADIES! Attractive playmale available for your intimate games/love. Shapely respectful graduate, 34yrs, (loose ties) seeks discreet womanfriend/mistress. Box 10341.

EX-PAT, bored at home, seeks attractive dinner companion for business visits to London/SE. Photo/phone appreciated. Box 10441.

PASSED SELL BY DATE widower, fit, home-owner, solvent. Wishes meet nice lady renew happy domestic life. I live South, happy any area. Box 10541.

DOCTOR'S WIDOW, 61, considered youthful, attractive, intelligent, seeks straight professional widower with similar attributes for agreeable companionship. Oxford/London. Box 10641.

GOOD-LOOKING male, 32, seeks attractive, uninhibited fun-loving female, 25-40, for 4 week overseas holiday, July 90. Think about it. Photo and letter appreciated. Box 10741.

Box number replies are forwarded every 8 days or so. A box number remains open for 2 months.

MALE, 40, single, tall, very successful and attractive seeking female to share a luxury Sussex home and have a dog and a cat (not yet acquired) and 2.2 children (possibly). Box 10841.

RECENTLY WIDOWED, childless, shy 36, no longer dependent on trust fund. Seeks female dreamer. Uninhibited, imaginative, possibly reserved. London. Box 10941.

INTELLIGENT BLACK male student (18), seeks unattached very attractive lady (17-35) for discreet day-time liaisons of a tender, caring and erotic nature. Nationality/colour unimportant, transport a plus. Photo and phone number guarantee reply. SE London. Box 11041.

MALE LATE 30'S, frequent visitor to England (from Ireland) seeks sexy lady for an exciting affair without complications. Frank letter and photo (if possible). Freedom to travel an advantage. Box 11141.

SINGLE MAN, but two dependent children. North-west area, wealthy, two homes. Yacht in Med, etc. seeks woman 30-35. Photo and phone number please. Box 11241.

IF YOU ARE happy to be a bachelor, an existentialist, professional (science/medical background?) and would like the company of mildly cynical but happy, attractive, enterprising designer (30's). Pick up your pen. London. Box 11341.

SHY MALE, single, 32, 5'9". Nice person, sincere, affectionate and caring. Not chauvinistic, likes TV, music, meals out, holidays, weekends, sport, requires female, TLC. Photo please. Any age considered. W Midlands/anywhere. Box 11441.

FUN LOVING, good looking, very generous businessman in his thirties finds himself unexpectedly alone after a long relationship. Looking for a good looking, sophisticated, modern lady who is perhaps not too career-minded and who wishes to be spoilt and enjoy good times in a one-to-one relationship. Recent photo and phone number appreciated. Box 3540.

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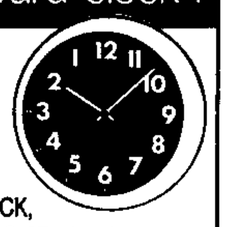

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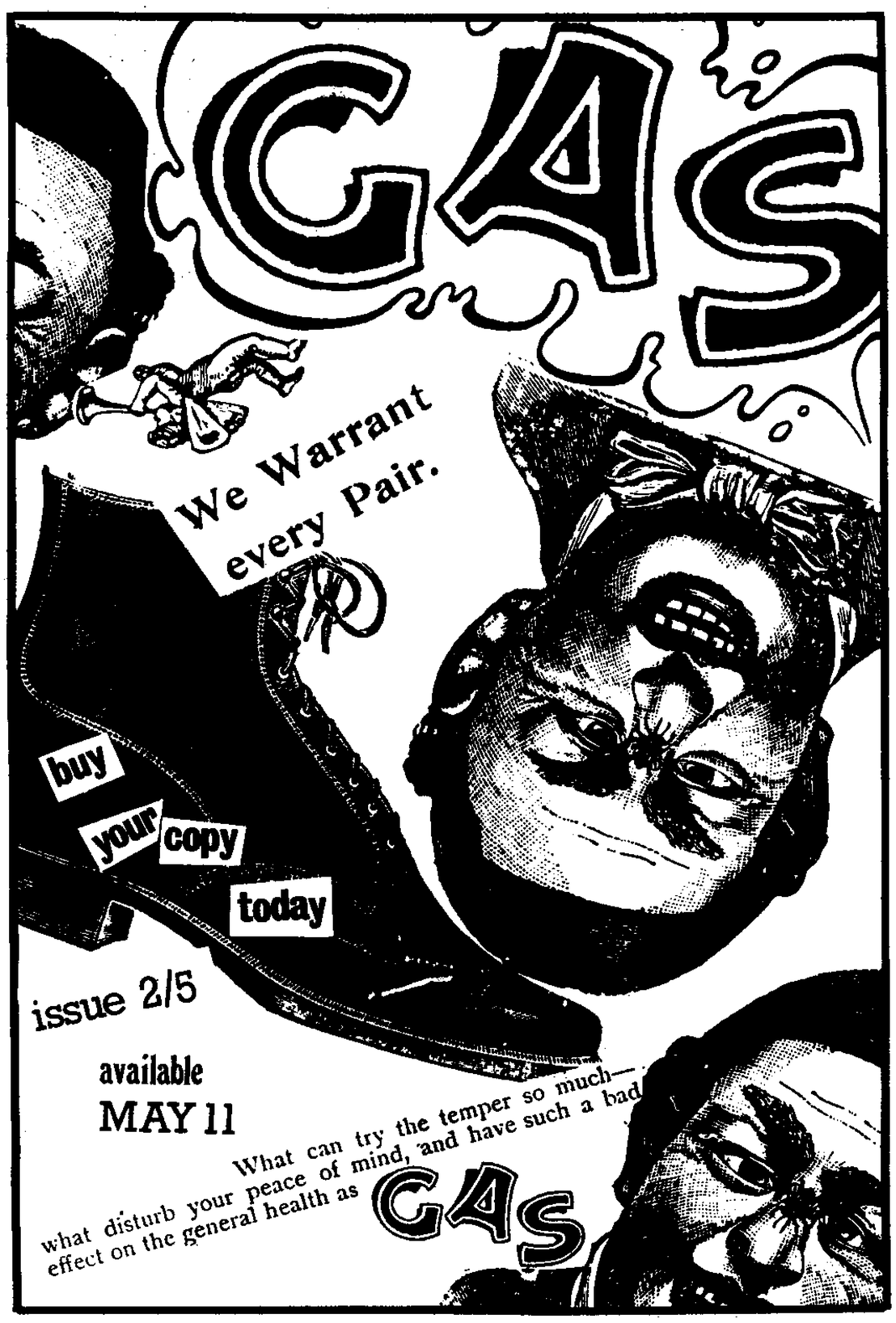

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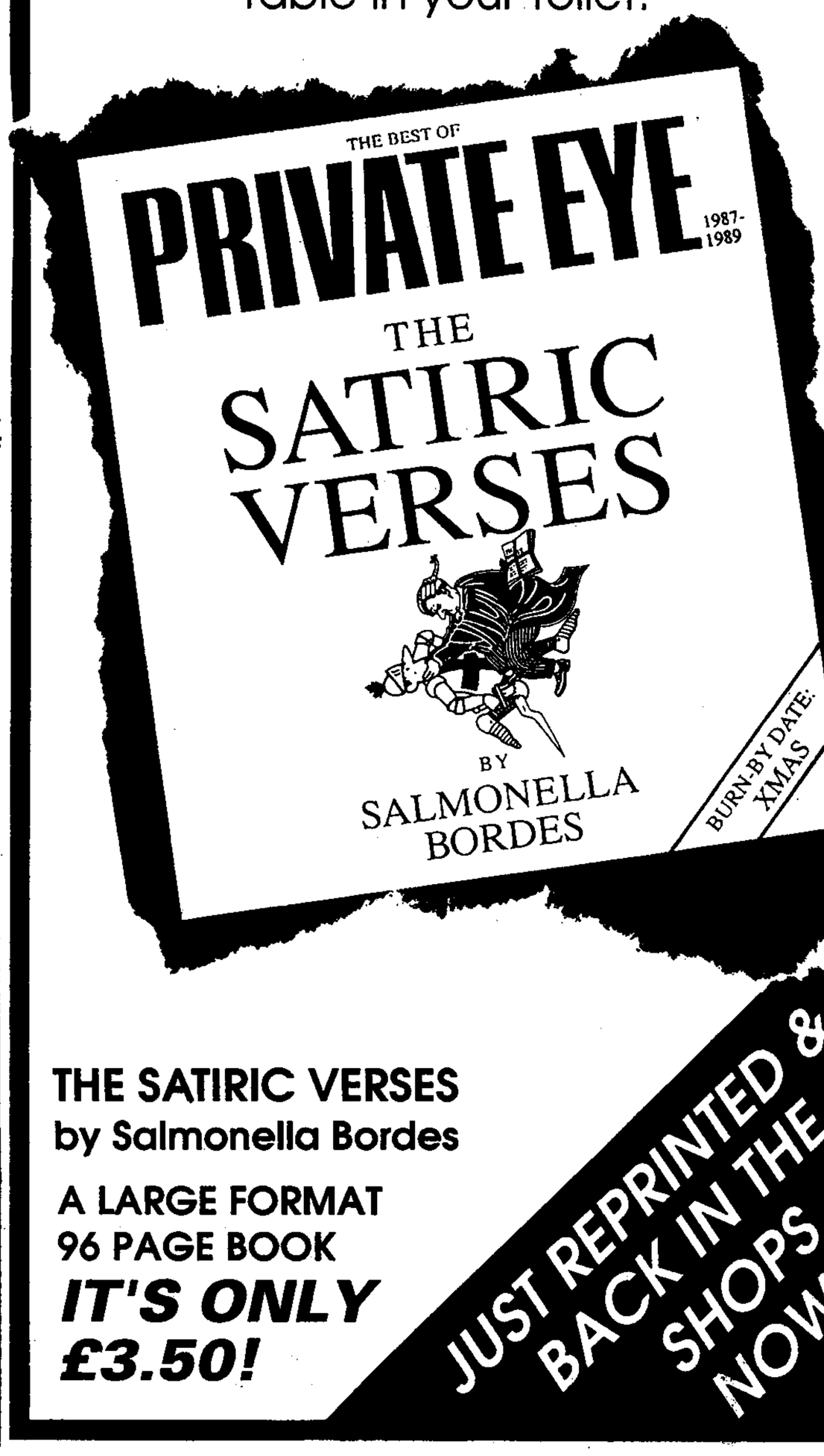

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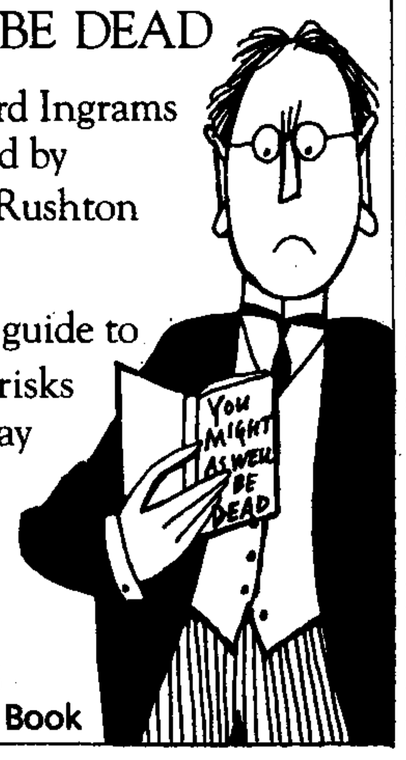

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